THE ARTS · EDUCATION · THE SOCIETY · SCIENCE

Saturday Review

DECEMBER 18, 1971 50¢

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"It's not the answer for everyone." Roy Roberts, director

"The kids feel selected and they feel like people." Elaine Gecht, teacher

"Now that they're here, what can they take away?" Judy Sullivan, street worker,

"It's more like a family than a school." Omar Brown, student

NEW YORK'S MINI-SCHOOLS

Small Miracles, Big Troubles

BY DIANE DIVOKY

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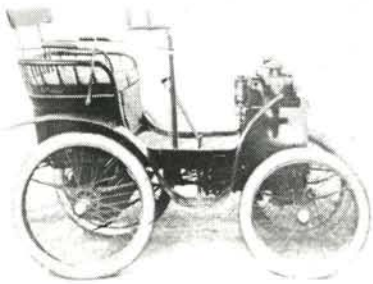
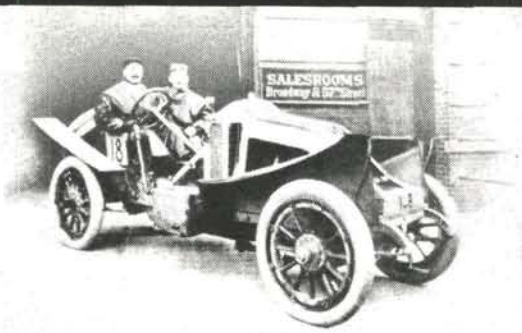
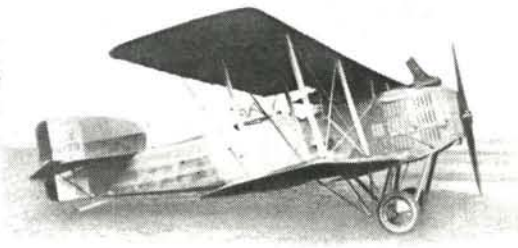


1898.
The Renault that started it all. (Before the Model T was a gleam in Henry's eye.)

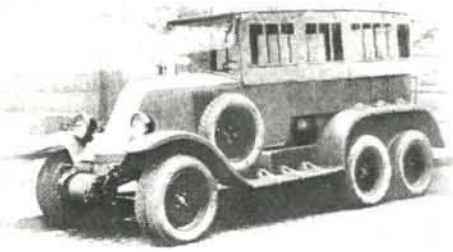


1909.
The Renault that won the New York 24-hour race. We get off to good start in America.



1916.
The Renault that worried the Red Baron. (1930: we are world's largest maker of aircraft engines.)

1918.
The Renault that turned the tide in the trenches. Even Renault workers got citations.



1924.
The Renault that made the first motor crossing of the Sahara.

1956.
The Renault that set a world's speed record at famous Salt Lake City flats.

1966.
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1971.
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(Advertisement)

The great archeologist Heinrich Schliemann used the epics of Homer to direct him on his digs. I don't know what he would have made of a new sort of discipline in which helicopters and planes are used to pinpoint likely sites. And where the archeologists dive instead of dig. Nicholas Flemming is one of the more successful and literate practitioners of underwater digging. After swimming over and around more than one hundred ancient cities beneath the Mediterranean Sea during the past twelve years, he has written a fascinating book about his discoveries and adventures called CITIES IN THE SEA.

Among the cities Nicholas Flemming has explored is the Mycenean town of Elaphinos, where he floated through rooms constructed of uncut stones. Another is Appollonia, the largest underwater city of the classical Greek period. He photographed Byzantine walls at Plitra and looked with appropriate wonder at the ruins of Carthage and Tyre. He tells how he and his colleagues conducted their explorations, but there is nothing of the "Gee Whizzer" in Nicholas Flemming's style. He is passionate about his vocation but writes about it in a pleasant, informal fashion. He is not afraid to speculate about such matters as the fate of Atlantis or the Linear B decipherings, and he serves as a jaunty guide through ancient history.

I enjoyed reading about the legend and the truth of these sunken centers of Phoenician, Greek and Roman life. CITIES IN THE SEA is nicely illustrated with maps and photographs. Some of the pictures are in color and all are executed by the author or members of his group. I must confess that the world of wet suits and aqua lungs has never seemed particularly appealing, but now that I know there is more to see down there than fish and coral, I may have to give it a try. Maybe. For now, I recommend CITIES IN THE SEA as a handsome, entertaining book for the serious diver and the bathtub archeologist. I think Schliemann would have loved it.

L. L. Day
Editor-at-Large

CITIES IN THE SEA ($10.00), by Nicholas C. Flemming, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or any Doubleday Book Shop, one of which is located at 228 Worth Avenue, Palm Beach, Florida 33480.

December 18, 1971

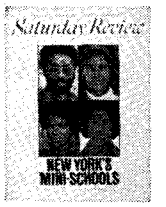
Saturday Review

Cover story, page 60

New York's Mini-Schools: Small Miracles, Big Troubles

by Diane Divoky

Cover photos: Bob Adelman



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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

The Deep Freeze

I have been asked by the editor of this magazine to explain and make crystal-clear to the housewives of America Phase 2 of President Nixon's economic strategy. He chose me after I had explained how I had successfully put the new game plan in working order in my own home at breakfast one day when my wife said, "What do you mean I can't give our maid a ten-dollar-a-week raise so she can buy a winter coat and pay ten dollars a week for twenty weeks?"

"It's Phase Two," I said. "Wages have been frozen to protect our economy."

"And how about Genevieve being frozen if she doesn't get a winter coat?" she asked.

"Too bad. We all have to tighten our belts through these critical times."

"Genevieve is not getting a coat with a belt."

"Unfortunate choice of words. Look, Jane, according to the Cost of Living Council, the biggest increase she can get is five-and-a-half per cent. Unless she happens to be a coal miner."

"Another country heard from. Who was it said that?"

"The President has asked the council to hold the line, and I'm sure if you explained it to Mrs. Mason she would go along with the President."

"Oh, no, she wouldn't. And for two good reasons. The second reason is that Genevieve can't stand the cold weather."

"What's the first reason?"

"The first reason is she's a Democrat. And besides, I promised her she'd get the raise, and she had her initials put in the lining—G. M."

"And what's good for G. M. is good for the country. But regardless of political parties, everybody has to go along with our President. It's not only Genevieve Mason, it goes for Helen Jones, and Mary Smith, for all the young and pretty secretaries who also need winter coats. Money is tight."

"Not as tight as you are. I remember that a couple of years ago I had a chance to buy a mink stole on sale, and you wouldn't let me."

"Oh, not that again."

"Yes, I will. The man told me it was a steal at that price."

"Please don't go through that stale mink stole steal story again."

"How's that again?"

"I couldn't possibly. Besides, I didn't have any extra cash then, and I don't have too much right now."

"Where did it all go?"

"I don't know. You don't think I just wantonly dissipate it, do you?"

"I never said you drank."

"It's discussions like this that'll drive me to it. Look, Jane, I saw a raincoat the other day, and when the man said it was one hundred seventy-five dollars, I told him I'd been saving for a rainy day but this was ridiculous. I walked out. Now if I can do that, I'm sure Genevieve will see why I can't raise her more than five-and-a-half per cent."

"How much is that in American money?"

"That'll be about four dollars and forty cents. If I raised her more than the Cost of Living Council indicated, I'd be unpatriotic. And Genevieve would be unpatriotic if she accepted it."

"Oh, I see. We have to be patriotic. So I'll tell you what. When you give Genevieve the raise and she takes it, you can both sing 'The Star-Spangled Banner.' "

"Jane, I don't think you realize how serious the economic situation is. We have to stop the spiral of inflation, and the council is—"

"Hahahaha."

"What's so funny?"

"When you said before that you told the salesman you're saving for a rainy day but this is ridiculous. Hahahaha."

"Yes. Now let me show you why it's important that you—"

"Don't you get it, dear—rainy day—saving for a raincoat?"

"I got it, Jane. But about the Cost of Living Council—it's crucial that it turns the economy around so we can all start doing better financially."

"Have you been doing better?"

"Well, I haven't noticed it yet. Even if the President does say things are getting better."

"Sure. He's got a better location than you have."

"Yes—sixteen hundred—right on the corner. But we have to give it a chance. Actually some economists think he should have done this a couple of years ago, and we wouldn't be in this mess."

"Well, that's no skin off my teeth. But there's another thing you'd better explain to me. Who's that Helen Jones and that Mary Smith you let slip out of the bag up there before, those pretty secretaries you've been buying coats for?"

"Oh, come on. I just made up those girls."

"Don't give me that facetious names business."

And so on and so on. And I'm still frozen in with that Helen Jones and Mary Smith story. And it's going to take more than Phase 2 to defrost me.

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

It was a great week for fillers. Our first filler came from J. E. Begley, who found it in Tucson's *Arizona Daily Star*:

> A softball crab is one which has very recently shed its shell and has not had time for the new one to harden.

Gee, and we always thought it was a guy who beefs at the umpire. Our second filler of the week was located by J. Graber in the Goshen (Indiana) *News*:

> Some tribal villages on Mindanao in the Philippines are National Geographic.

Others, we presume, are *Scientific American*. Finally, our third filler was spotted by Mrs. R. E. Bailey in Massillon, Ohio's *Evening Independent*:

> In Europe, the length of a male has varied from about 3,300 feet to over 36,000 feet.

We don't know about the length of a female—but one thing's certain: It sure ought to be easy to tell them apart.

Our Story of the Week came from Alice Kennedy of Louisville, Kentucky, who found it in *Better Homes and Gardens*:

> As for the junked cars that scar our countryside, Senator Jacob Javits (R.–N.Y.) has proposed a tax that would be collected at the time of purchase of an automobile and be refunded when the car is finally turned into an authorized scrap dealer.

And then, we suppose, when it comes time to recycle, we can make a bicycle out of him.

It isn't every day you meet an author of a book about a kibbutz who started out as a confirmed anti-Zionist, who finds Israelis difficult to get along with, and, in the Six-Day War, was pro-Arab. But such a man is Michael Gorkin, author of *Border Kibbutz* (Grosset & Dunlap).

We met Mr. Gorkin on his twenty-ninth birthday and learned not only that he was born in New York, an Oberlin College man, and an outstanding basketballer—though only five feet ten—but also that he was the son of Jess Gorkin, editor of *Parade*. "In our family," he told us, "the only holy day we celebrated was Christmas. We didn't really celebrate Hanukkah. Passover, though, we celebrated as long as my grandfather—to whom my book was dedicated—was alive.

"I considered myself Jewish," he continued, "only in a way. If someone asked me if I was a Jew, I would say yes. But only because I felt it would be cowardly not to. But sometimes I said my parents were Jewish. And once in a while, I'd say no. It was sort of like James Baldwin saying he'll know the black and white situation is okay when he can ask a white girl to marry him and she doesn't feel she has to say yes."

In 1963, Mr. Gorkin took a year off. He decided to spend half his time in Mexico, where he wrote an article for his father—for $20, he recalled—and half his time in a commune. "I didn't really care whether it was Israel or not. I would just as soon have gone to Oregon. But I went to the Kibbutz Hazorea. I loved the kibbutz. The egalitarianism. The whole thing. The fact that the secretary of the whole place would feel no put-down when it came his turn to collect the garbage. And I also loved the fact that there were so many people who loved what they were doing. And that there was so much respect. The kids really had respect for their parents. Here a guy may love making a hundred thousand a year for General Motors. But his kids don't respect him.

"But," he went on, "I found the Israelis, as I still find them, difficult. To some degree, it's part of the refugee psychology thing—that the squeaky door gets the oil—that nobody will take care of you if you don't. And, as a result, when you feel you're constantly having to stand up for your rights, it carries over to all your personal encounters—you push your way on the bus. It's not a pleasant place to live in unless you're a Zionist who will love every place that Moses walked."

We disagreed, but we felt there was better news coming. "Then," he said, "I got into the civil rights fight in Mississippi and also in East Harlem. As happened to so many of us who were white, the Vietnam business began to cloud out the civil rights issue and then we got involved in that. Which is, incidentally, the very thing the blacks accuse us of—and they are right, of course, but they helped push us. Anyway, at this period, when the Six-Day War came along, I was pro-Arab. I considered myself a revolutionary, and so did my friends. It was

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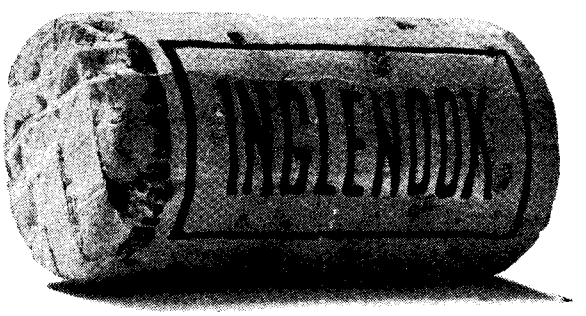

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completely natural for us to be against Israel in that war. We were all that way. We did not hate her the way we hated South Africa or South Vietnam or America. And we did not oppose her that way. But we felt that Israel had taken territory which didn't belong to her—and we wanted to see her lose."

How, we asked, did this sit with his parents? "My mother," he told us, "remained calm through it all. But my father, who'd been able to take all my other revolutionary talk, would not tolerate it when it was focused on Israel. 'Look, my budding Che Guevara son,' he told me, 'if you must make your revolutions, please make them outside—not in—the house.'"

Three visits changed Mr. Gorkin. The first was a visit to Egypt, the second another visit to Israel, and the third a visit to Czechoslovakia. "If you want to convert the New Left," he said, "I suggest you send them not to Israel but to Egypt. What soured me on Egypt was not so much the enormous social differences, the fact that women are second-class citizens—although these things are bad enough. What completely soured me was a student who asked me, in the middle of dinner, if I had been talking to others as I had to him—about Nasser, politics, and that sort of thing. He told me he would not leave the restaurant with me and that, if he were in my shoes, he would take the first plane out of Cairo.

"I took his advice. I caught the next plane to Cyprus, and then to Tel Aviv. Immediately I felt relieved. That very evening I wound up in a political argument with the hotel clerk. I took an anti-Israel position. And after an hour-long debate, I went to bed. But I went to bed completely secure that I wasn't about to be informed on."

The visit to Czechoslovakia was the final eye opener. "The Czechs were socialists," Mr. Gorkin said, "as I was. But they wanted to be free—free to say what they wanted to say, write what they wanted to write, et cetera. I saw how they hated and feared the Soviets. I used to see the Russians as saviors. I will never see them that way again. The invasion of Czechoslovakia took place three weeks after I left."

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1966)

HILDEGARD KNEF:
THE GIFT HORSE

If, in my conversations with American men, I went beyond the accepted giggling stage, they became suspicious and frightened and took me for a dangerous bluestocking who didn't observe the rules, a busybody who might ask about politics or even money.

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from Saturday Review
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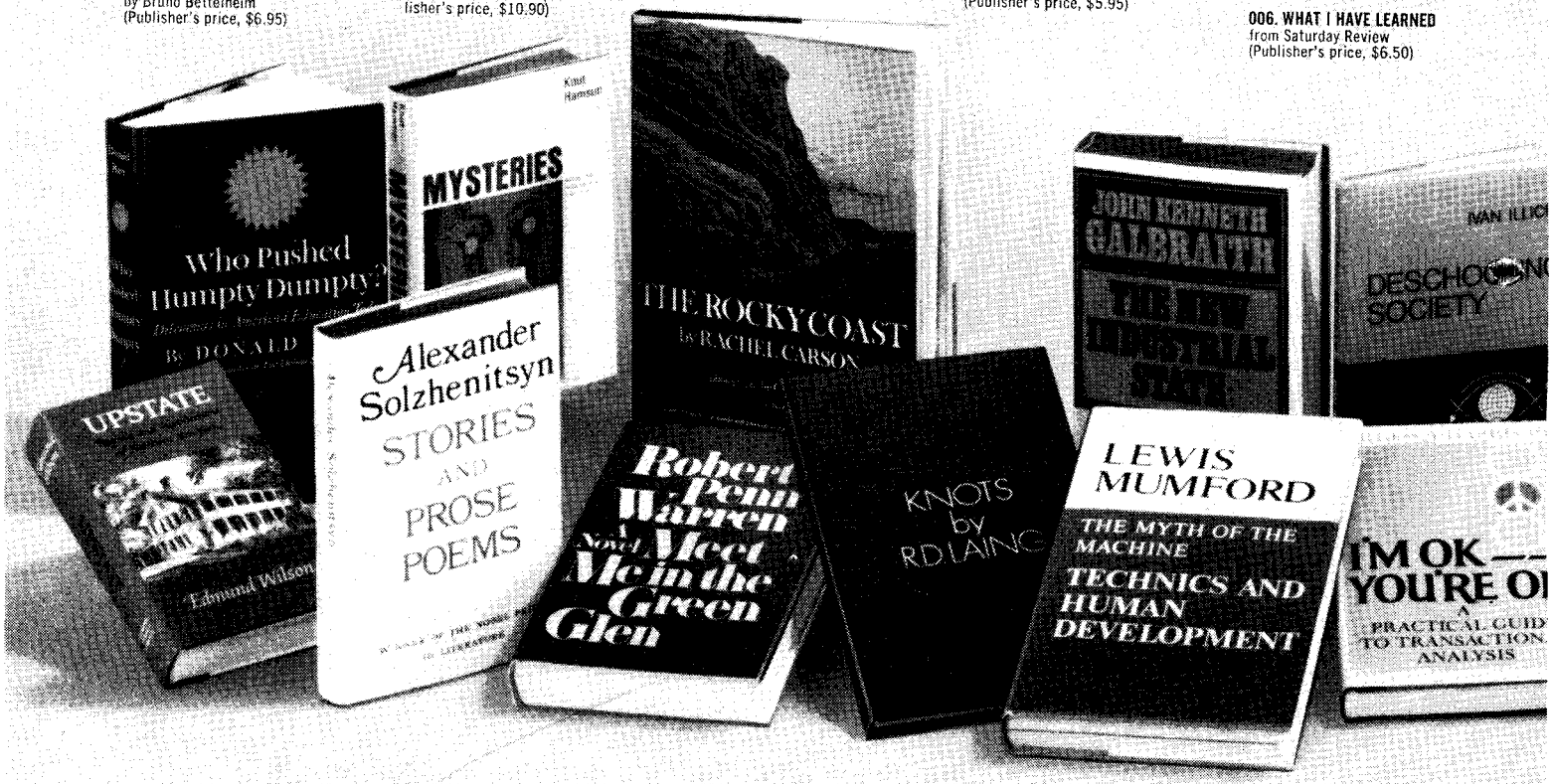

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Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

Goodbye and Keep Cold

It is mid-November as I write. I don't know when this will be published. Publication is when it happens and aside from the fact. Time is not datelines but the memory a man lives in. I live under an elm. The leaves are down from it now, and I don't like what I see when I get eye to eye with its innards out of the window on my third-floor landing. Two huge branches are dead—one of them covered with fungus—and a cable that once took part of the weight off the main crotch has pulled loose. While the leaves were still on, the tree looked healthy enough. Perhaps the tree man can still pull it through. I have been waiting for him longer than he has ever waited for me to pay a bill. But it's a seller's market these days, and the new fixed principle of things is that the people we overpay for services come not when we need them but when they get around to it.

A man must be careful in locating the principles of things. When the last postal hike went into effect, I thought I had found and formulated a principle. "Marriage," I announced, "is like the Post Office Department; the more you pay for the service, the less service you get."

It was, my ape-ego told me, a brilliant quip. My mistake was in choosing my only begotten wife as the quippee. For the next six days the dinner offering consisted of hot water soup and hardtack. Only when I had filled the house with gift-wrapped sweet nothings did I make it up to a can of beans (which was left on the kitchen counter with a can opener and a note that read, "Have gone to Rutgers concert. Feed the dog. Ta"). Every seeker of principles must suffer something. On principle I will not suffer needlessly. The fact is I had been sneaking out on errands—to the better local restaurants—and had been eating well. Any man can die for his principles. A wise man learns to be sneaky enough to keep them salvageable.

I hope the tree man comes around in time to salvage the tree. Keeping it alive has become a vocation and a soul project. I am thinking, in fact, of claiming it as a dependent for tax purposes. "Elmo Ciardi. Age: 100 (approx.). Dependent child." I wonder how such an entry would look on my tax form.

I have the elm's leaves off the lawn, and it has no more to let go. That part of the grass is clear. There is a municipal sycamore by the sidewalk, and I have cleaned up its leaves three times, as I have those of the red maple on the other side of the house and those of the Chinese chestnut behind the house. And all of them still have more leaves to shed.

Enough is enough. I will gather no more leaves till the trees are bare. If they finish coming down before the snow falls, I'll clear them away and all will be well. If not, I shall have a major job of thatching come next spring, and then may all be well.

I worry for the world over every breakfast copy of *The New York Times*, but there is more to worry about than I can keep in recognizable order. How much worry is due the Pakistani refugees, how much to our inured sense of Vietnam, how much to urban decay, pollution, the federal drift of mindlessness? Any day's news is enough for a month of worrying, and who will worry about the rest of that month?

When I am overwhelmed by any day's breakfast notices, it becomes a sort of clarification to worry about my lawn. My neighbors' lawns, alas, are in better shape than mine, a state of affairs no suburban man can endure gracefully. Let my neighbor be wiser, handsomer, and richer than I, and I can live with him in peace. Let his lawn outgreen and outthicken mine, and I am moved not only to hatred but almost to the point of overt labor. It is at that point that I reassert myself as a man of principle. Never be moved to excess, I tell myself, particularly by hatred.

I commit myself only to one last leaf suck-up with the hand power mower—the one with the dirty gray lung hanging from its side—and that only when the branches are bare. I have fed the lawn a double dose of Turf Builder, I have strewn seed lavishly to thicken it. The rest is for the elements to tend. Once I get the last leaves up, I am finished for this time around. "Goodbye and keep cold," as New Englanders say to their apple trees, and as Frost took the saying to make a poem of.

"Dread fifty above more than fifty below," he told his trees. Winter doesn't hurt growing things unless it lets go for a while and then grips back. It did that five years ago. We had an electric storm for Christmas—a real August afternoon cumulonimbus anvil head with snakes of lightning and sheets of rain; and for Easter, four inches of snow. My pink magnolias had started early to their bridal and wilted to sodden brown tatters, a season spoiled.

Keep cold. My friend John Williams does his gardening a mile up—in Denver. He knows, in ways we lowlanders don't have to learn, how that winter sun can burn his trees. A mile of air is a lot of filter. The sun's rays, striking through the thin mountain air, can heat one side of a tree as if a heater had been turned on. Just as skiers on a clear frosty day can find a bowl the sun is striking directly and stop and sunbathe for a tropical hour only yards from a frozen shade, so one side of a tree can bask in summer, while the other side stays iced. Then the sun goes behind a cloud or a peak, and the freeze bites back. I am told that prized trees there have to be shrouded for the winter.

But not in New Jersey. (Who could have imagined that there would be

"You see! Even in a metropolis like New York one can find a little peace and quiet."

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mercies attached to the fact of living in New Jersey?) I did lose my big old apple tree (it must have been planted in the 1890s) last winter, but to natural causes. It was gnarled and hollowed, but all in its nature, as I thought. Last fall it let its leaves down, and this spring they did not come back. I let it stand this summer, telling the tree man to cut it down when the ground got hard. I am waiting for him to do that, but I may not have to wait. At least a third of its branches came down in a summer blow, and I hauled them to the curb, where the municipal cleanup truck picked them up. If the tree man doesn't get here, one more wind may do his work for him. I have planted honeysuckle around the dead trunk. If the tree man doesn't get to it, let winter blow down the rest of the branches, and let the trunk stand for the honeysuckle to climb.

I did get the bulbs of the glads and dahlias up—all of the glads and most of the dahlias. For a few cents apiece, I'd as soon save the work and buy new dahlia bulbs in the spring. I do root carefully for the glad bulbs. They have grown to be at least three good inches across, and the local stores seem to offer only one-inch measlies. Dollars' worth of work for pennies' worth of salvage makes no sense, but to work for what cannot be bought is clearly good principle.

That's it for now. This week the mower comes off the tractor, the snow blower goes on, and the chains go round the tires. Goodbye and keep cold. I'll browse the catalogues now and then this winter, but I'm done with gardening, and my acre—well, almost two acres—is closed for the season.

While reading the paper at breakfast, I looked out on my ground and found myself wondering how many Pakistanis could huddle on it. My next thought was that world peace equals, in simplest terms, a man with a piece of ground. I located that principle years ago and offered it as my solution to the problems of Vietnam. Don't send defoliants, I argued. Give every able-bodied person two acres and a carabao and a shotgun. The land and the draft animal would create capitalists. The shotguns would create minutemen. Just let anyone try to take their heaven from them!

The only flaw I can find in my theory is that it would have worked without any need to add outbuildings to the Pentagon, and that it would have cost too many billions of dollars less than we wanted to spend. The government goes by other principles in such matters, but I have the thought to keep cold on, though it's the wrong kind of cold, alas. Let the right cold keep all gardens, and there will still be principles to find.

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Among the relative handful of Americans who have recently had the opportunity of visiting mainland China is Dr. E. Grey Dimond; on page 17, he compares China's approach to health care with America's in "More than Herbs and Acupuncture." Another visitor to present-day China, Bronson P. Clark, recounts his reactions and his belief that our two societies can learn much from each other in

IF EVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET

by BRONSON P. CLARK

As the United States and China tentatively and cautiously approach one another, the differences between the basic philosophy of each of these egocentric countries become manifest. In the course of a recent twenty-five-day visit to the People's Republic of China, I could not help but be struck by these differences. To delineate them is comparatively easy; their resolution is another matter.

A U.S.-Chinese rapprochement will be difficult because we are an economically expansionist society with a complex and advanced technology that emphasizes a consumer and luxury economy and that (despite certain collectivist trends in the form of an increasing federal bureaucracy and the emergence of several state corporations) still emphasizes individual rights rather than collective rights. China, on the other hand, is almost the opposite. The Chinese do not regard themselves as particularly expansionist economically. They have limited exports, most of which are used to acquire capital. Their technology, while impressive, is still decades behind that in the United States, and China's consumer orientation is one of extreme frugality. Unlike U.S. agriculture, China's bespeaks an almost inherent knowledge of the proper ecological balance between man and nature. While the impact of American industry and "individualism" is having a ruinous effect on American cities and the countryside, the Chinese landscape not only is pleasing to the eye but would warm the heart of any ecologist. Their agriculture is so intense that it is practically horticulture, with almost all of China looking like a well-tended garden. The frugality of the average Chinese citizen, whose greatest consumer hope at the moment might be to purchase a bicycle and who has learned to emphasize service over personal reward and profit, must be contrasted with the situation in the United States, where conspicuous consumption and wastefulness are an ingrained part of everyday living and where interest in ecology is in its infancy.

While most Americans believe that our great wealth and technology can survive any disaster in agriculture, the Chinese feel that they dare not make a mistake. As one Chinese agronomist explained his country's situation to me, "With us, agriculture is no joke. If we have a major crop failure, the surpluses of the entire world could not save us." This means that the 80 per cent of China's population who live in the rural areas are engrossed in the task of feeding a quarter of mankind.

China and the United States also have a different order of priorities. The United States appears almost deliberate in its refusal to deal with its domestic problems. We continue to believe that we have something to teach the world and that our hundreds of military bases abroad therefore have some rational point. The Chinese, on the contrary, are almost totally involved in the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution and the rebuilding of their ideological life and its concomitant effects on the structure of their universities, factories, communes, and health services. Since my return to the United States, I have found that most American audiences are wholly concerned with what the Chinese reaction is to President Nixon's impending visit or the Chinese attitude toward the rest of the world and such matters as Taiwan and membership in the United Nations. Actually, a Western visitor to China spends 99 per cent or more of his time listening to and talking with the Chinese about their struggles to increase industrial production and to substitute a philosophy of service for economic incentive and personal reward. At Hsing-hua University outside Peking, after exchanging views with a group from the faculty and students for a matter of some five hours, we asked the question, rather plaintively, "Wouldn't you like to ask something about the United States?" To which one professor responded, "Yes, what should we ask?"

It is hard for Americans engrossed in how the Chinese react to us to understand that by and large the Chinese could not care less. They want to tell of their efforts to rebuild school curriculums, to introduce work and study programs as opposed to purely academic approaches. They wish to relate how hospitals have sent a third of their staffs into the country in answer to the call of Chairman Mao to serve the rural

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Photos by Bronson P. Clark

Fresh faces in and of China: (below) Prince Sihanouk of Cambodia with the author in Peking; (right) young workers at recently completed Red Flag Canal in Honan Province; (bottom) kindergarten students in Chengchow.

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masses, how such hospitals are responding to what Chairman Mao calls "the great treasure house of native Chinese medicine," and how this treasure house can be combined with Western medicine to provide immediate health care to the millions of Chinese workers and peasants.

This brings me to another area of separation that has to do with the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. Since Americans on the whole are highly skeptical of their leaders and their government, and since we have lost faith in our Judaeo-Christian ethic, it is hard for us in our cynicism to believe that any other people respect their leaders or their government, or that they are truly committed to the ethic of service to their fellowmen.

In talking with diplomats stationed in Peking, I learned that they are convinced that the 400 million Chinese who are under the age of nineteen are thoroughly committed to the concept of service over economic and personal incentive, which represents the victory of the Mao Tse-tung line over that of Liu Shao-chi. Most Chinese students carry an olive-drab book sack with a slogan on it: "Serve the People." This thought is being taught at every level of education in a most impressive way. While American educators would probably be horrified at such teaching by rote, they might concede that the message that is coming across and its results throughout the country contrast sharply with the American scene in which young people are seldom caught up in anything unless it is opposition.

The Red Flag Canal project in northwest Honan Province, which we visited, is a good example. Here was a region of 500 villages involving eleven communes in which there was a chronic water shortage. After several years of unsuccessful efforts to alleviate the problem by digging wells and drawing water from a river that seasonally dried up, the Chinese finally determined that they would have to go to the highest range of the nearby mountains and secure the water there. This meant digging a number of tunnels through the mountains, hanging aqueducts on the face of sheer cliffs, building bridges to carry the water over the river, and creating a subsidiary trunk system to eventually bring the water to the valley. The canal was begun in 1960 and completed ten years later without any technological assistance from the state. It was constructed mainly with hand tools. We visited the Youth Tunnel, which was dug through a mountain by young people working in shifts. They often stood knee-deep in water. A whole folklore, including songs, has developed from the Red Flag Canal construction, and it is famous throughout China. What is striking is that Chinese youth belong, are wanted, and believe in what they are doing. This attitude contrasts with that in the United States, where we don't know what to do with our young people and can think of nothing better than to put them in holding patterns by recycling them through graduate school or to offer them dull work or unemployment.

For their part, the Chinese would be totally unable to comprehend how we could bring up our youth by smothering them in TV violence and trash, if not downright pornography. We visited a typical Chinese kindergarten where a bulletin board read: "Who fed the pigs? No answer. Who fed the chickens? No answer. Who swept the office? No answer. Why is there no answer? Because Chairman Mao says we are not to take credit for our good deeds."

Another difference that separates Americans and Chinese is the highly puritanical nature of the present Chinese society. I felt that to Americans, who have long regarded the Chinese as atheists full of wickedness and evil, the most striking aspect is the immense moral vitality that one suddenly discovers when viewing this society. China, with its past history and its enormous population, had virtually no choice but to adopt a collective society in which everyone's life is highly regulated. To permit our type of individualism would mean that vast numbers of its people would be without adequate shelter or housing. China today is a notably equalitarian society; thus, the problem of dealing with the citizen who varies from the moral code is more easily handled.

Employment, housing, and educational facilities are all related. This provides a strong grass-roots social control. Any deviation from accepted behavior is in full public view, and one's neighbors are horrified at such deviant behavior and apply social control. Even in talking with doctors in China, we learned that rather than use shock treatment and drugs in cases of mental illness, they have found it more productive to treat mental problems with a good deal of individual attention and concern. There are prisons in China, but the number of people incarcerated must be infinitesimal in comparison with our society, where social control has almost totally broken down. The puritanical and collectivist society of China has produced a high degree of public morality, along with public cleanliness and order.

The American notion that China has nothing to teach us and in fact represents some kind of barbaric throwback will certainly prevent us from understanding its revolution or its achievements. For one thing, China indeed has something to teach us about the balance between work and education. The Chinese are involved in a total restructuring of their curriculums on both the university and the middle and primary school levels; the emphasis is on the need of the student to be involved physically and mentally so that his or her education relates directly to the needs of society. Though American intellectuals have traditionally been ahead of the Chinese in the realm of theory, the fact remains that our university system has become more and more esoteric and less and less effectively involved with our domestic problems. Each of the many universities and schools I visited in China was evidence that the Cultural Revolution has determined that each school shall be related to factories and to communes. These schools send professors to the factories and factory workers to the universities.

In the China that I knew twenty-five years ago, nine of every ten doctors that graduated from the Rockefeller Medical School in Peking went into government administrative work. A medical degree was regarded as a step to high-level government service. The emphasis now is on the belief that peasants and workers have something to teach intellectuals, that there is a certain native ability and knowledge that comes from firsthand involvement. This, I believe, is a simple but considerable lesson that we in the West might learn. If we want to know what it is like to be on welfare, we should ask those on it and profit; if we want to know whether the government programs for migrants are working, we should leave the classroom and go among the migrants.

Again, the Chinese have much to say about the creation of an equalitarian society. The wage differentials in China are extremely narrow. As the third secretary of an Asian embassy said to me in Peking, "I make more money than the Premier of this country." We found, in questioning factory workers, that average earnings were about $40 per month, and that those who held the most advanced positions in the country were earning something like $300 per month. It should be noted that in China $40 per month in real purchasing power provides a two-room apartment, plus adequate food, clothing, and medical services. Certainly the whole concept of serving without particular regard to individual reward or economic incentive is an enormous experiment on the part of the Chinese to move forward with their Marxist-Leninist-Maoist variety of ultimate communism. I would doubt that the West has much to fear in this, as historically it has been demonstrated that a wide assortment of communist ideologies, such as the

(Continued on page 71)

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MORE THAN HERBS AND ACUPUNCTURE

by E. GREY DIMOND

An unexpected telephone call late last August was the beginning of what proved to be one of the more illuminating events in my career. Myself, my wife Mary, and Dr. Paul Dudley White, and his wife Ina were invited to visit the People's Republic of China as guests of the Chinese Medical Association. We were later to learn that similar invitations had been extended in New York City to Dr. and Mrs. Samuel Rosen and Dr. and Mrs. Victor Sidel. None of us had ever visited China before.

When our plane landed in Peking, a stewardess came down the aisle asking everyone to remain seated "until the delegation has left the plane." We plumped back into our seats, and all heads peeked out into the aisle curious to see the delegation. No one moved. The stewardess hurried back to the door and called out a question. She then came to our seats and with a relieved smile told us we were it. Would we please leave the plane? Whatever protocol that exists for delegations was certainly fractured. Clutching cameras, coats, briefcases, Kleenex boxes, and overnight bags, we tumbled down the steps. The occasion was saved by the warmth and dignity of the Chinese physicians awaiting our arrival. We quickly moved inside the airport to a comfortable sitting room. This room and its furnishings were a prototype of similar rooms in every subsequent hospital, school, and institute we were to visit. Large overstuffed chairs were arranged symmetrically around the room. Next to each chair a table with cigarettes and matches; immediately a covered cup of hot jasmine tea and a cool, wrung-out washcloth were present. Always there was a large portrait of Mao Tse-tung.

Present-day China affects each visitor differently. One's reaction varies from being appalled at the vast uniformity of dress, the acceptance of conformity, and the domination of "Mao Tse-tung Thought," to the other extreme of admiration for and envy of a people who have decided what needs should have priority and who are willing to make sacrifices in individual attitudes to accomplish the most for the common good. China *is* impressive. Eight hundred million people, one-fourth of the world's population, are hard at work, disciplined, honest, courteous, intelligent, healthy, and give every evidence of enthusiastically learning and practicing a communistic way of life. We Americans have perhaps misjudged the effectiveness of the Bamboo Curtain. It seems not to have slowed or isolated the development and economic growth of China; it has only obscured our view, including that of medicine. For this reason there was definitely a sense of personally sharing history in this the first meeting in twenty-five years in China between American and Chinese physicians.

Greeting us were Huang Chia-su, of the Chinese Academy of Medical Sciences; Hsu Shou-jen, secretary general of the Chinese Medical Association; Wu Chieh-ping, deputy chief of the Revolutionary Committee of the association; Chu Hsien-i, professor of medicine at the Tientsin Medical College in Tientsin; Wu Ying-kai, professor of thoracic surgery at the Fu Wai Hospital in Peking; Hsu Ying-hsiang, an ear, nose, and throat specialist at the Kung Nung Ping Hospital, also in Peking; and Lin Chiao-chih, professor of obstetrics and gynecology, and Wu Teh-cheng, professor of urological surgery, both of whom are at Peking's Fan Di Hospital.

During this welcoming session, there was obvious happiness and shared pleasure in the re-establishing of professional contact after so long a break. The spirit was that of an old class reunion. All the Chinese physicians spoke English well; several had been to the United States prior to 1946. This group of men and women prominent in their fields stopped their everyday tasks, took over our program, and personally hosted us for our entire visit. We met with them in small groups, large groups, and individually; made ward rounds in their respective hospitals; browsed medical libraries; discussed patients; and enjoyed an open professional exchange. In Peking and Canton we were able to visit a total of seven hospitals and a variety of health centers, dispensaries, and well-baby clinics. We took photographs freely, went for unaccompanied walks, looked at and photographed hospital charts. In hospitals we frequently turned to a patient other than the one anticipated and never were we shunted aside or thwarted. However, at all formal discussions there was a uniformed member of the Army present. I cannot ignore the possible influence of these "members of the Revolutionary Committee" on the information exchange.

There was also a built-in degree of censoring or control: We could be in contact with a patient only through an interpreter. There was always the possibility that answers and questions were not accurately translated. However, in appraising accuracy of diagnosis, we were using an international language of stethoscope, ophthalmoscope, electrocardiogram, and laboratory data. This *lingua medica* bridged whatever other language gap existed.

I can say with reasonable confidence that in the field of cardiology I found the Chinese physicians practicing exactly the same kind of medicine in terms of diagnosis as we are pursuing in the United States. Mitral stenosis, ventricular septal defect, hypertension —the method of diagnosis and the interpretation of findings were in every aspect medicine on an international level. Surgical repair of a ventricular septal defect with a disc oxygenator cardiopulmonary by-pass was first-class by any standard. Total correction of tetralogy of Fallot (blue babies) is being successfully performed.

(Continued on next page)

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The current enthusiasm among many heart specialists in the United States for coronary angiograms and saphenous vein by-pass surgery is not shared in China; however, this approach to therapy for coronary disease is also not widely used in England, Sweden, or Switzerland, and indeed has certain senior critics in this country. Thus, speaking only of heart disease, a field in which I have personal knowledge, the Chinese in those hospitals we visited are practicing at an international level. The standards for diagnosis, the special laboratory procedures of cardiac catheterization and angiocardiography, the use of the electrocardiogram, the medications, and surgical techniques are similar and comparable to advanced international standards.

Yet, there are distinct differences, and in some ways they are so striking that an American's degree of cultural shock is considerable. The total nationwide requirement that the principles of Marx, Lenin, and Mao be the fundamental value by which all effort is judged produces an emotional reaction that comes close to destroying objectivity. The fact that China is committed to a communistic doctrine has certainly altered its medical care, its medical education, and its universities. From my brief personal exposure, from the James Reston reports published in *The New York Times* last summer, and from the comments of other Americans who have seen the People's Republic of China, I think we Americans do ourselves harm, blind ourselves to the facts, and perpetuate myths if we cannot accept the repeated observations about the health changes that have occurred in China.

China has applied mass public health measures, and plagues are controlled; the flies are decimated; prostitution as a profession has ceased; venereal disease is curbed; alcoholism is not a problem; drug addiction has stopped; and the streets are clean, the windows screened, the water boiled. If the first visits by Americans have done nothing else, they have at least carried that continuing message. Why do some Americans insist that these interpretations cannot be true? Why confuse our biases? An authoritarian, one-voice, one-policy, one-rule effort in the United States would accomplish the same. Why not accept the fact that the Chinese government has placed a high priority on these values and has accomplished these goals? Obviously, we Americans have placed high in our priorities the individual's right to express himself, to live his own life, and to have the personal latitude that makes it impossible to enforce authoritarian health measures.

China has also made a value judgment that medical care must be ready, convenient, and inexpensive throughout a rural population of more than 700 million people. We have far fewer people still in rural areas; yet, we cannot get sufficient health professionals to settle in those areas. We have not solved this problem; the Chinese have. Again, they have done it by a disciplined government policy that simply orders one-third of all hospital staffs and one-third of all medical school staffs and students to be in the countryside at any one time. Such a Draconian measure has brought medical care to the total Chinese population. Does that make it right? Does it mean that we should do the same? We do not live under a constitution that permits one group of citizens to be summarily bused to the countryside, or the inner city, or an Indian reservation. The problem was the same, namely, their Western-style modern Chinese physicians were staying in the cities; we American physicians are clustering in the suburbs. The Chinese found their solution through an autocratic "reform"; we are running against time to find solutions within our democratic system.

> "We Americans do ourselves harm, blind ourselves to facts, and perpetuate myths if we cannot accept the repeated observations about the health changes that have occurred in China."

What has China had to sacrifice in terms of quality of medical care while achieving this availability and economy of care? I have already commented that at the urban hospitals we visited cardiology was practiced by international standards. From personal observation in these same hospitals, the medical and nursing standards were of equal international quality. Charts, records, X-rays, batteries of laboratory tests were comparable. Cleanliness of floors, walls, windows, toilets, and surgeries was excellent. Gentleness and relationships between patients and staff were outstanding, and by that comment I am perhaps noting a quality of the Chinese people themselves.

When one speaks of the outpatient or commune care, a new variable is introduced, namely, Chinese traditional physicians, herbs, and acupuncture. The role of Chinese traditional medicine can be understood only in a political context. A principal teaching of Chairman Mao has been that modern medicine as we know it must be "fully combined" with traditional medicine. This concept was resisted and relatively ignored until the Cultural Revolution successfully re-affirmed the dominance of Mao's teachings.

The acceptance of acupuncture and herbal medicine into the medical schools and hospitals did not occur on the basis of merit. The teachers of modern, "Western," scientific medicine were specific targets of the Cultural Revolution. Essentially all of them were "sent to the countryside for a period of political reorientation." At the same time, the institutions came under the direct management of "revolutionary committees," with the chairman usually an Army officer. The new policy of combining modern and traditional medicine became a national action. The teachers and physicians, either because of "political re-education" or because they were faced with no reasonable alternative, became active supporters of the policy.

Medical research as we know it has not stopped but has certainly slowed or been altered. Scientific reporting in medical journals has been suspended; no Chinese medical journals have been published for three years. In Peking, at the Chinese Medical Association headquarters and at the Chinese Academy of Medicine library, we saw wide selections of current medical journals from the United States.

The medical school curriculum now is required to combine the two methods of medicine. Students learn modern biochemistry and at the same time the principles of acupuncture. Outpatient clinics of hospitals and dispensaries are staffed essentially by Chinese traditional physicians, using the diagnostic methods of pulse feeling and dispensing from a remarkable selection of herbs, roots, bark, leaves, and animal and mineral sources. Acupuncture is a fully accepted therapeutic option. At a commune hospital, 50 per cent of the patients receive either herbs or acupuncture. Every hospital has a wonderful aromatic room with large bins of crude herbs.

The traditional doctor is an essential partner in China's health care system. Another partner, the "barefoot doctor," is a community or neighborhood first-aid man and part-time farmer. He is an important first link in the chain and, under considerable guidance, dispenses a mixture of public health, modern medicine, herbs, and acupuncture.

The Chinese government has capital-

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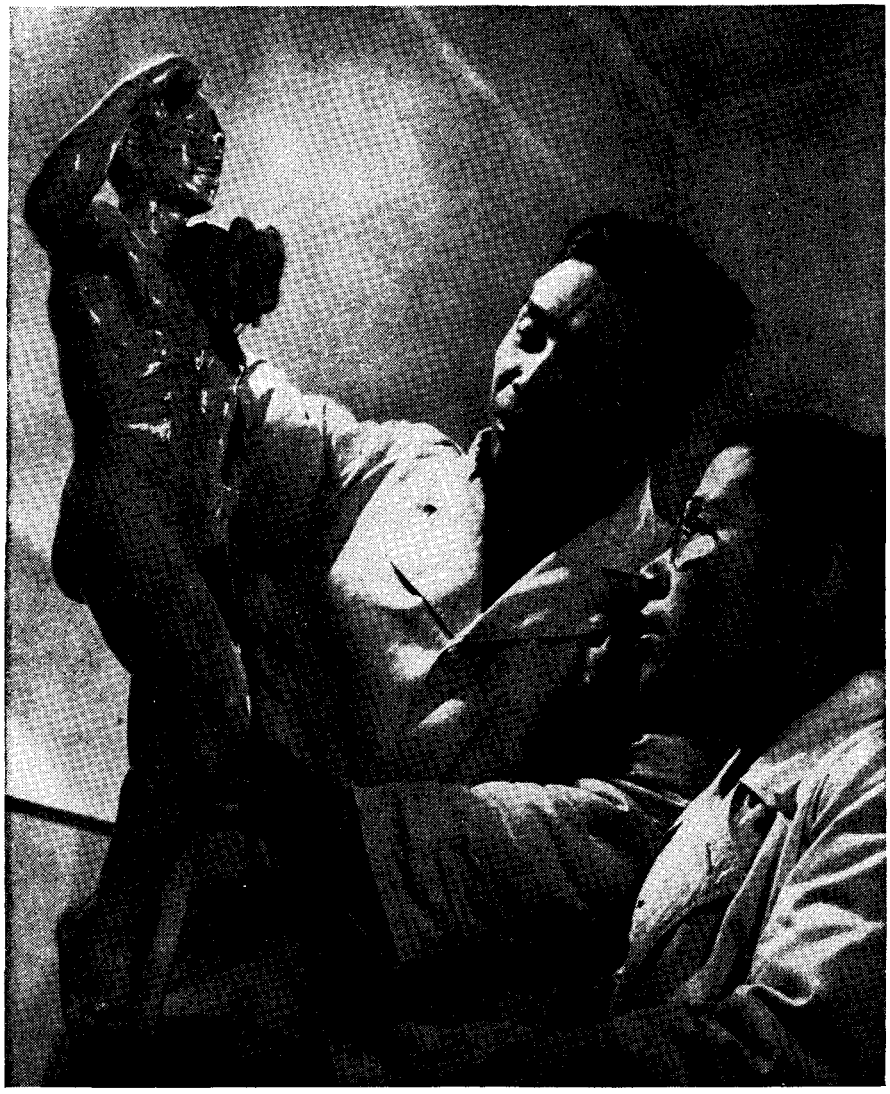

Sovfoto

Teaching acupuncture at Peking Med School—"small but significant margin of truth."

ized on the acceptance by the general public of "traditional" medicine. Here was a professional pool of more than 500,000 practitioners. By utilizing them and requiring regular Western-style medicine and traditional medicine to practice together and to combine themselves in the medical, pharmacy, and nursing schools, the government has produced a giant health care and education experiment, which can only be described as one of the world's major adventures in health care. Combining this approach with neighborhood health aides, the "barefoot doctor" results in a system of delivery of health care that, at this point in time, is fitted to their people, their needs, and their government. When one reflects that one-fourth of the world's population is receiving medical care through this system, it obviously is a program we should carefully analyze.

I have no way of knowing how the modern Chinese physician feels about this enforced alliance. I certainly tried to find out, but no matter how leading the question or how opportune the moment, I found no raised eyebrows, no wink, no shrug, no sigh, no signal that would tell me that the required working together was a polite acceptance of political reality. Inscrutability there was, and if any Chinese physician had any secret desire to tell me even a hint of his internal dissatisfaction, his signals did not reach my Caucasian brain.

On the contrary, numerous modern-trained physicians went out of their way to tell me that initially they had not believed in Chinese traditional medicine and it was only now as they were forced to practice together that they were convinced that among the myriad of herbs there were new therapeutic agents and that among the pincushion of acupuncture sites there are some that inexplicably have therapeutic effects. Uniformly they said that a majority of the herbs and a majority of the acupuncture procedures were *not* effective, but again highly competent, personal friends, men of significant medical science achievement, uniformly urged me to keep an open mind. The repeated response regarding acupuncture was: "A lot of the acupuncture therapy is based on psychosomatic benefit. There is a very small but significant margin of truth. Our scientific minds deny it. Acupuncture needs research proof; we do not yet know how or why it works."

Before going to China and since my return, I have tried, through reading and through seeing, to inform myself on the evidence supporting acupuncture. I do not have useful personal observations on classic therapeutic acupuncture. My opinion in this area is based essentially on question-and-answer sessions with "modern" physicians in Canton and Peking. My reasoned opinion is that the majority of claims for therapeutic acupuncture are based on the simple fact that most patients have complaints that will either get well with time or else the patient needs the solace of a "doctor's" attention. Placing a sharp needle in the skin for a few minutes could well be impressive psychosomatic therapy. The fact that acupuncture treatment programs often go on for two weeks or a month and often for such obscure problems as backache, rheumatism, and tired liver makes one highly suspicious that time plus the doctor's attention have a great deal to do with most results. Further, the fact that the reputation of Chinese traditional medicine is widely honored by the Chinese also means the patient *believes* in it, wants it, and anticipates improvement. It is this widespread endorsement of Chinese traditional medicine that has made it possible for the government to implement its broad health care program. There certainly are not enough "modern" physicians to carry the program, and even if there were, in many areas the public would have greater faith in—and would prefer—the traditional doctor.

Even with the above disclaimers, I suggest that within the whole confusion of acupuncture there is some margin of truth. In a small percentage of cases, under certain conditions, for unknown reasons, it works. We Americans are so eager to try new health care fads, from yogurt to jogging to Zen, that one can only regretfully predict a massive human pincushion promotion. The impossibility of getting the necessary research done before this wave of needles gets loose in the land makes one sad.

Separate from acupuncture for treatment is a subject that I did have an opportunity to observe: acupuncture anesthesia. In university teaching hospitals, with full access to records and examination of patients, we did observe major surgery done without our usual concepts of anesthesia. Other

(Continued on page 71)

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Photography

Margaret R. Weiss

Paul Strand: Close-up on the Long View

The Paul Strand retrospective at the Philadelphia Museum of Art does more than pay homage to a master photographer and vital octogenarian. It is a tribute to the timelessness of quality and craftsmanship—attributes too often absent in the sensational, the specious, and the slipshod that today pass as "relevant" or "concerned" camerawork.

Capsuling the years between 1915 and 1968—a span equivalent to one-third of photography's entire history—the 500 prints on view document a career and a credo dedicated to the best traditions of the medium. For Strand, the art of the camera is grounded in technical mastery of the craft. The eye has to learn to be selective, to look beyond the surface impression, to see content in meaningful context. But the approach to any subject —man or machine, barn or palace, tree stump or tombstone—must be the same: simple, direct, without tricks of lens or lighting, without distortion or manipulation. The studied, structured images that are Strand's signature may at first glance seem static. On closer inspection, they reveal an intensity of vision and a sense of inevitability. The path between impression and expression is synaptic, smooth, seamless; a fleeting fragment of the sensory world becomes an enduring photographic reality with a life and esthetic of its own.

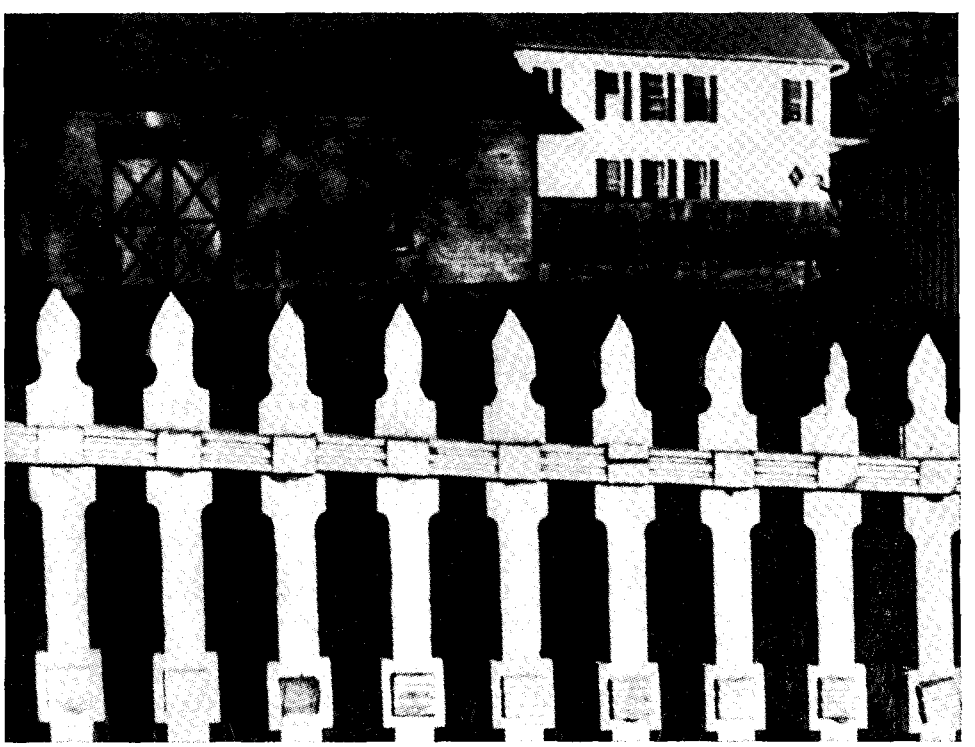
"Doing with a machine what the human brain and hand, through the act of memory, cannot do"; "using the camera as an instrument of intuitive knowledge"; "a real respect for the thing in front of me expressed in terms of chiaroscuro—through a range of almost infinite tonal values . . . through the use of straight photographic methods."

These are some of the Strand-on-Strand phrases taken from my notes after an afternoon of talk we shared several months ago. Words, however, fail to convey or explain the subtle strength of his camera statements. A white picket fence strutting across the lower edge of the picture area may defy perspective, but it defines a bit of New England landscape with classic precision; a facade may be a study in spatial relationships or in the interplay of surface textures, but no less is its open door an object of retinal rivalry as the eye apprehends it alternately as ingress and egress; a dour French farm boy and an exquisite bunch of grapes serve to universalize the demanding life of the vineyard.

Characteristically, the photographer's own reflective view of the world comes through; his images not only invite but impose reflection. Retracing his journeys into Canada, Mexico, New England, France, Italy, the Outer Hebrides, Egypt, Rumania, Morocco, and Ghana, the exhibition prints go beyond the purely documentary. In the mosaic of humanity, in details of landscape, in the smaller and often more revealing aspects of life, he has sought the inner spirit of a country or culture, "that essential character which is compounded of both past and present . . . for to find that may be to arrive at the common denominator which makes us all kin."

In conjunction with the retrospective, a handsome commemorative monograph containing 300 of the exhibited works has been published by *Aperture*. It was no surprise to learn from its publisher that Strand personally supervised the printing of the reproductions "to ensure the maximum fidelity to the original photographs." The lens, like the pen, is the tongue of the mind, and for Paul Strand even the image's image must speak with perfect diction.

(After closing in Philadelphia on January 30, the exhibition will move into the City Art Museum of St. Louis; its tour schedule for 1973-74 includes the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Los Angeles County Museum of Art, M. H. De Young Memorial Museum of Art in San Francisco, and Boston Museum of Fine Arts.)



The White Fence, Port Kent, New York, 1916

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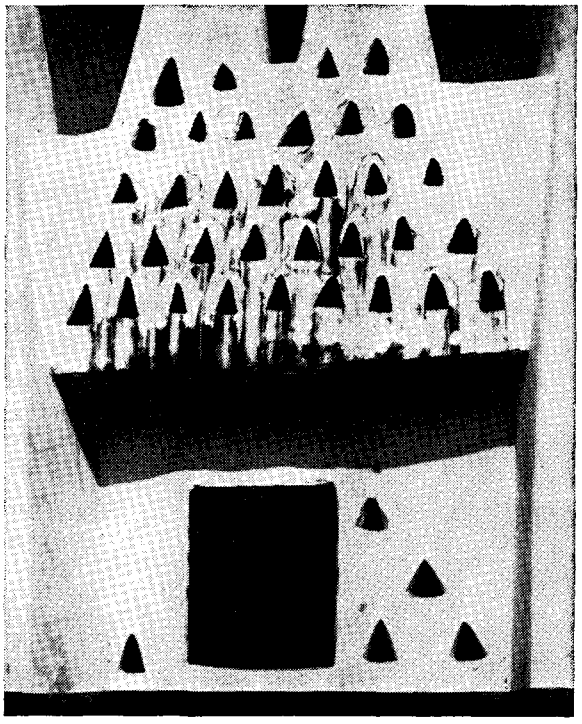
Young Boy, Charente, France, 1951



Palace at Wa, Ghana, 1964

Four Women, Essaouira, Morocco, 1962

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SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

Please, Less Violence

Perhaps I should preface this column by admitting that I am not masochist enough to face *El Topo*, the Mexican import that, from all accounts, sets new records for on-screen violence. From just hearing about it, I feel that I have already seen as much of it as I could stand—a feeling amply reinforced by my reactions to a couple of recent American movies of which there was no forewarning. It is not simply the sight of blood that turns me off, I hasten to explain. Movie blood is, after all, just another Max Factor creation. But the mentality that asked for the blood is another matter.

Lest I seem unduly squeamish and squirmy, let me add that the Motion Picture Association's Production Code and Rating Administration is also growing concerned about the excessive violence in the current crop of films. In fact, it demanded extensive cuts in both *Straw Dogs* and *Man in the Wilderness*, to cite two recent examples, before reducing their respective X's to R's. Both could have maintained their "artistic integrity" and, thanks to the X, played to substantially reduced audiences. But even though their production companies made the excisions and won their R's, both films retain mighty stomach-churning moments.

Of the two, Sam Peckinpah's *Straw Dogs* is at once the more rewarding and the more repulsive. Peckinpah, who established his affinity for cinematic violence for all time with *The Wild Bunch*, has carefully—and properly—drawn the distinction between what he calls "motivated violence" and violence for its own sake, violence for pure shock value. The final bloody shoot-out in *Straw Dogs* is, without question, fully motivated. Indeed, between insults at the pub, the hanging of his wife's pet cat, and the gang-rape of his wife by two Cornwall yokels, Dustin Hoffman has to be either a saint or a total craven to pursue his policy of nonviolence. But there is no question that, for Peckinpah as well as the audience, the picture comes alive when Hoffman, exercising a form of Robert Ardrey's "territorial imperative," kills off with terrifying ingenuity six marauders seeking to invade his home. (He crowns one with a bear trap.)

Straw Dogs introduces Hoffman as a rather moony young mathematical wizard who, with his provocatively sexy wife (Susan George), takes up residence in a remote Cornish farmhouse to work on a book. The locals, most of whom are either mean, moronic, or both, resent the intrusion of the American. Their resentment is at least in part sexual, since he has married what appears to be the only reasonably bright and attractive girl in the area. The girl herself is a bit ambivalent in her feelings toward her husband, half-welcoming her rape by a former suitor—although she does resent it when he holds her down so that one of his pals can enjoy her as well.

Peckinpah, ably abetted by John Coquillon's appropriately moody camera, builds the tension with incredible skill. One senses that, like the yawning trap above the fireplace, it will all have to snap and involuntarily shrinks from the moment. Not Peckinpah. He positively revels in the details of mayhem—a foot mangled by gunfire, a man blasted full in the stomach by both barrels of a double-barreled shotgun, another beaten to jelly with a poker. The last two reels of *Straw Dogs* become a demonic ballet, a frenetic jousting with death. It is tremendous movie-making. It is also tremendously sick-making.

Man in the Wilderness, starring Richard Harris, also offers more than a few moments that invite an averting of the eyes—particularly at the opening, when Harris is horrendously mauled by a huge bear, and again when a doctor attempts to sew him together. For the rest, it is a story of survival on the frontier of the 1820s, with Harris struggling back to life in order to wreak his vengeance on the men who deserted him. He changes his mind along the way, but why is never made clear; nor, for that matter, is John Huston's fear of the man he had abandoned for dead. And the anticipated showdown between Harris, Huston, and the Indians who have been trailing them both just never happens. Much too violent, apparently.

For an antidote, try Paddy Chayefsky's *The Hospital*. (And when was the last time you saw a screenwriter's name above the title?) Chayefsky has devised a howlingly funny comedy that confirms all our direst suspicions about the inhumanity and downright incompetence of our medical institutions, and George C. Scott, as a suicidal chief doctor, demonstrates conclusively that the best way to get a laugh is to play it straight. The murder mystery that sutures the film together grows a mite tedious toward the end, but not since *M*A*S*H* has the medical profession been more irreverently—or more admiringly—exposed to view.

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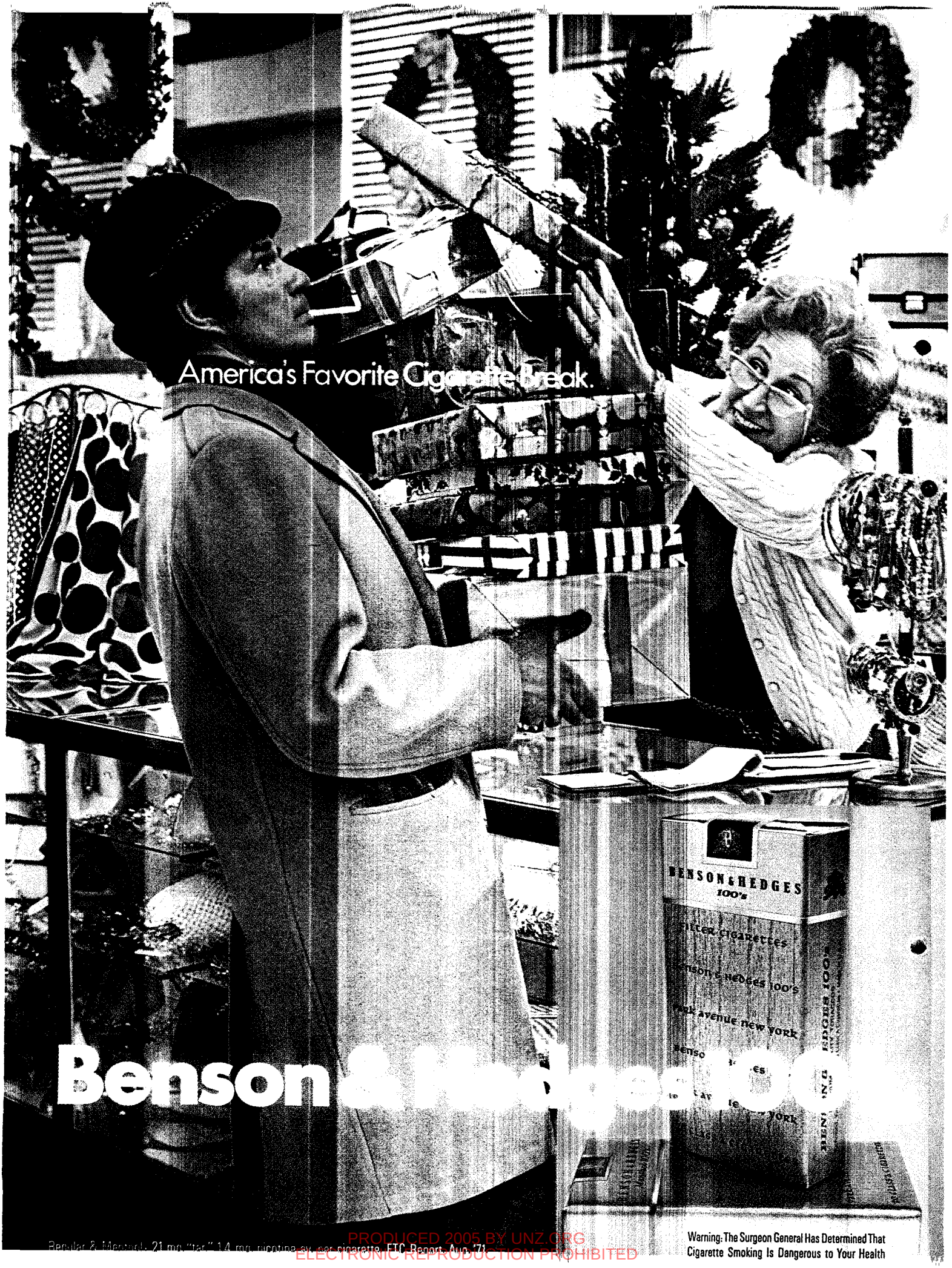

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Brilioth's Tristan; Penderecki Premiere

After a longish time in which the Metropolitan considered itself fortunate to get through one performance of Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* by utilizing only two tenors, it has now arrived at the pleasurable condition of having two tenors who can be depended upon to finish what they start. Helge Brilioth's first venture in this part of the world with the arduous role was sung against the background of a fine Parsifal last season. This is a promising but by no means conclusive recommendation: All Tristans can sing Parsifal, but not all Parsifals can sing Tristan. That Brilioth is entitled to the double cachet gives the Met a capable alternate to Jess Thomas, who made the part his own a fortnight ago.

Both men are youthful, good-looking, plausible figures of a romantic cavalier, Kareol-style, but they diverge completely in other respects. Unlike Thomas, who has a broad attack, a powerful vocal stroke, and a strongly dramatic follow-through, Brilioth achieves his results with a more pliant sound and a lyric line that serves both the first and second acts well. It is not a voice with a hard vibrant core, meaning that it does not cut through the Wagnerian orchestral curtain, but must be floated above it. He had an admirable ally to this end in Erich Leinsdorf, who conducted his fifth *Tristan* of the current sequence with a wider pattern of nuance, a warmer sound, and a range of sonorities well shaped to the strengths and limitations of the Swedish Tristan.

It has been years since the first two acts of Tristan's part have been formed with such ear appeal as Brilioth provided. The basic color is dark, and it varies little. But Brilioth is always on pitch, articulates the words cleanly, and makes a fine match of sound to Birgit Nilsson's plastic phraseology of the second-act duet. In the climaxes, she could not help but expand to a fullness he could only echo, not equal.

At his present state of development (he has been singing Tristan only since September 1970) Brilioth works around the third-act requirements of Tristan instead of meeting them head on. One tactic in his intelligent effort was to get downstage nearly to the edge of the scrim between performers and audience in order to project Tristan's rantings from a point most favorable to his limited volume. Brilioth still has time to evolve a broader sound, provided he continues to sing the part within his present vocal means and does not damage its good quality by forcing for volume.

This was, otherwise, a night to remember for a splendid effort by Grace Hoffman, who took on the assignment scheduled for Irene Dalis and added another powerfully vocalized, well-acted Brangäne to the one she had done earlier in the week. William Dooley, vice Thomas Stewart, performed a Kurvenal of size and sympathy, and John Macurdy went beyond his previous best as Marke. As for Nilsson, she had been ailing with a temperature of 100-plus the day before but, perhaps because of the caution thus induced, sang what was possibly the most eloquent, beautifully disciplined Isolde of a New York career dating to 1959. Little wonder that the capacity audience responded to the artists and the superb Günther Schneider-Siemssen/August Everding production with cheers.

Also worthy of mention was a *Carmen* cast lacking "names" but productive of better results than some liberally supplied with celebrities. As Carmen, for example, Viorica Cortez, the Rumanian-born mezzo who recently made her Met debut, is far more appealing to look at and much more gratifying to hear than some others recently heard in the part. A tallish young woman who moves well, doesn't overact, and establishes a characterization of her own from the outset, Miss Cortez could, with proper supervision, become a very good Carmen. Her lacks at present include a well-supported bottom register and proper articulation of the French text.

Opposite her was James King, who has the equipment to be an excellent Don José: youthful appearance, a fine physique, and perhaps the best, most ringing sound of current tenors who are heard in German as well as French roles. But he lacks the vocal finesse to sing a suitable "Flower Song," which was rather messed about this time. Adriana Maliponte, a first-time Micaela at the Metropolitan, has a heavier sound (Italianate, of course) than most who portray Don José's country sweetheart, but is very professional about her work. And finally, Gabor Ötvös, now in his first Metropolitan season, provided animation, impetus, and a constant flow of energy from the conductor's desk.

In a week that offered multiple hearings of the New York Philharmonic directed by Leonard Bernstein and the Boston Symphony conducted by Erich Leinsdorf, some of the best ensemble playing was to be heard from the Juilliard Orchestra in an Alice Tully Hall program directed by Jorge Mester. This included an especially vibrant, pulsating performance of Mozart's G-minor Symphony (No. 40) and a spirited production of Strauss's *Ein Heldenleben*, which was not so long ago considered a challenge to even the best professional players.

Among those who commended themselves for particular credit was the youthful concertmaster, Eugene Drucker, who performed the difficult solo violin part in a manner to explain fully why he was chosen to occupy this prominent post.

Between them the audience was offered a first hearing of Krzysztof Penderecki's *De Natura Sonaris II*, a ten-minute work commissioned by The Juilliard School. It is a skillfully crafted work, extending through a full range of orchestral instruments the kind of tonal imagery Penderecki deployed in his *Threnody for the Victims of Hiroshima* (principally for strings). Indeed, one might speculate that in this louder, more intense contrast of highs and lows, louds and softs, with an occasional outburst of chimes and percussion, Penderecki was evoking Nagasaki as a companion in horror to Hiroshima. If this is Part 2 of a projected Nuclear Suite, it would please all if Part 3 remained forever unwritten and were observed, Cage-like, with five minutes of silence. *De Natura Sonaris II* was remarkably well performed by the young subprofessional virtuosi, whose new conductor (aged thirty-six) apparently has a gift for exercising authority without forfeiting camaraderie.

Among the orchestras Mester has had a recurrent affiliation with since leaving the old Juilliard uptown, in 1967, to pursue his career elsewhere, is Louisville, Kentucky's. The numerous good recordings he had made with this ensemble prepared one for quality results in his resumption of Juilliard activity, but the level of quality results exceeded any reasonable expectation.

Alban Berg's Violin Concerto was the central work of the Bernstein-Philharmonic week, with Itzhak Perlman as soloist. The effort of the violinist was unquestionably sincere, but the outcome was one of the least successful in memory of this fine work. To be sure, it has been performed mostly by specialists rather than one who is primarily identified with virtuosi works of the standard repertory. But Perlman's overrestrained, unidiomatic treatment of the violin part, coupled with Bernstein's overproduction of the orchestral score, made for a curiously inconsecutive experience. The Haydn *Surprise* and the Shostakovich First Symphony preceded and followed the Berg.

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Saturday Review

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Report to the Readers

Last week as the new editor of *Saturday Review,* I wrote my first "Report to the Readers." That report and this one are just two of several I expect to write explaining the changes that will be taking place in *SR*. Here, I would like to let you know how our thoughts on the growth of *SR* are progressing, and I would like to know your responses to these plans, for I believe that a magazine should be a two-way communication.

In my report of last week, I outlined my editorial goals and biases—namely, that I believe in the vitality of an open and informed society; that I am concerned about evolving social change and am hopeful of the outcome; and that I believe *SR* can contribute to the quality and effectiveness of that change by providing a balanced perspective and a forum for debate on significant issues. This week I would like to touch upon the responsibility I feel toward maintaining editorial integrity within *SR*'s pages.

Editorial excellence cannot, of course, be maintained without constant self-examination and reappraisal. For a magazine to be relevant—and to remain so—it must stay constantly in step with the world around it. To be a catalyst for significant change, it must anticipate tomorrow. So we at *SR* must begin asking ourselves, "What are the information needs of tomorrow?" If in fact we are becoming a "knowledge society," a society of decision-makers, we will all need to know a good deal more about how our world fits together than is currently being provided by the existing media sources. Information needs are growing. *SR* must grow as well.

Just how the magazine will grow, however, is a question in the minds of many long-time readers of *SR*. Although, since its inception, *SR* has been a continuously growing, changing magazine, many familiar editorial constants have evolved. Readers have come to anticipate and rely upon them, because such features contribute to both the spirit and the enjoyment of the magazine. I believe these established features are important, and they will remain in *SR*'s pages. But we intend to add substantially to what readers have come to expect elsewhere in *SR*.

More specifically, our plans over the next six to nine months include a doubling of editorial staff and budget. To bring the best of ideas, writing, editing, and contemporary design to our pages, an additional $4-million is now scheduled to be spent on editorial expansion. This means we are going to put on weight and color. Shortly into the new year some of these planned changes—a sizable number of additional pages, plus new design concepts—will be introduced. This growth will continue steadily as we add features during 1972.

But more important than the physical growth within the magazine is the substantive direction that those expanded and enlivened pages will take. Even though *SR* is widely read and accepted as a general magazine, it is also one that, over the years, has focused on specific areas of contemporary concern: the arts, education, science, the environment, public affairs, travel, and business. *SR*'s regular supplements in several of these areas have, in fact, been monthly "magazines within the magazine." Plans now are to broaden and strengthen this supplement approach.

Beginning with our January 29 issue, *SR* will expand—with color and more pages—its coverage of the arts. The new supplement will be a combination of *SR*'s long-standing interest in the fine and performing arts, of communications (until now a separate *SR* supplement), and of the magazine's recent explorations within MultiMedia. The new supplement will draw together *SR*'s critiques of events in the arts and its frequent closer looks at the people whose imaginations have created those events. *SR* will continue to probe into what the arts can tell us of past and contemporary life.

The following issue, February 5, education will be the subject for special emphasis. Over the course of the next year, the monthly education supplement will develop into an open forum, examining not only education in its institutionalized sense but the entire learning process in schools, in the home, in society, and across all age levels.

The next week, *SR* will give its expanded supplement over to an examination of our society—social change, politics, people, and business. Here the emphasis will be on the social issues that affect all of us, and *SR* will present an exchange of opinion and thought by the shapers of and commentators on those issues.

Then, to complete the four-week cycle, the February 19 issue of *SR* will be devoted to science—science in the broadest context of human affairs. This supplement will continue to do what *SR* has traditionally done in this field: not only to report on the facts of science but to examine the issues constantly raised by those facts.

When the four-week cycle is completed, it will begin again. Thus *SR*—without losing the many regular general features that have become part of its tradition—will become multidimensional. Each month, the magazine will combine the strengths of specialized reportage in four chosen areas of concern with the diversity of the general features already found in its pages. The magazine in effect will hearken back to the days of the *Saturday Review of Literature* and will become on successive weeks: *Saturday Review of the Arts, Saturday Review of Education, Saturday Review of the Society,* and *Saturday Review of Science.*

I have mentioned that this evolution of the expanded special-interest supplements is a logical editorial extension of the direction in which *Saturday Review* was already going. In fact, I believe it is also a necessary change. As we human beings continue to stride

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forward into tomorrow, it is becoming impossible for a single, general-format magazine to keep up with all that is taking place around us. There is too much happening at once. There are too many areas of innovation, experimentation, discovery, and performance to keep abreast of.

By concentrating *SR*'s efforts on four critical, separate, and discrete areas of social concern today, more in-depth reporting and reflective writing can be offered in each area. The ideas and information that grow from such concentrated editorial effort will, I believe, bring you, the reader, greater insights into the world of today and tomorrow.

As we ourselves increase the depth and scope of *SR*, part of our editorial responsibility will be to make these growing supplements easy for readers to find, read, and use. To this end, our current thought is to eventually gather closely related features, news, and interpretive items into regular monthly departments within each supplement —all the while continuing to devote space to longer articles of general interest within the arts, education, the society, and science.

What this means is that in *Saturday Review of the Arts*, whatever one's particular pursuits within the broad range of the cultural field, a reader should be able easily to find what interests him or her most in regular departments devoted to ART, MUSIC, FILM, COMMUNICATIONS, THEATER, PHOTOGRAPHY, DESIGN, and ARCHITECTURE. While these departments will contain critical reviews, they will also explore the arts in whatever ways yield the most provocative insights and understanding —through conversations with actors on interpreting their roles; through color photos that glimpse a dance troupe in movement; through the collected thoughts, perhaps, of a woman poet on the conflict between her success as a woman and her success as an artist.

To each of the other three supplements we will also be adding regular monthly departments with much the same scope and flexibility. Eventually, *Education*, in addition to its three or four major articles in the field of education, will regularly cover events, research, problems, ideas, and experiments in the areas of EARLY CHILDHOOD, SCHOOL-AGE CHILDREN, YOUNG ADULTS, CONTINUING EDUCATION, EDUCATIONAL POLICY, and EDUCATIONAL MATERIALS.

In *Saturday Review of the Society*, present thinking is to consistently cover the broad areas of NATIONAL POLITICS, CITIES AND STATES, LAW AND THE COURTS, GOVERNMENT AGENCIES, BUSINESS, LABOR, and CONSUMERS. In *Science*, departments will be devoted monthly to issues and developments in HEALTH AND MEDICINE, ENVIRONMENT, PHYSICAL SCIENCE, LIFE SCIENCE, SOCIAL SCIENCE, and APPLIED SCIENCE.

In all of the *Reviews*, the departments will be in addition to, not in the place of, several key articles in the supplement's field. And alongside the supplements themselves, most of those general features of *SR* that have long made the magazine entertaining and provocative reading will continue.

In the *Reviews* we will also endeavor to put our resources, our access to information, to work for our readers. A monthly feature, "Saturday Review Recommends" in the issue devoted to the arts, will present a guide to films, theater, books, art exhibits, and dance compiled by respected critics in each of the areas. *Saturday Review of Education* will eventually include a regular feature, "Guide to Schools," which will note key data on schools: private and special education schools, graduate schools, and day-care centers.

The *Saturday Review of Science* will carry a regular annotated bibliography that will augment the articles contained in each issue; *Saturday Review of the Society* will soon feature a column providing information on where and how to take effective action on issues raised in the magazine.

Finally, as I mentioned earlier, I look forward to a two-way communication between the magazine and its readers. In part, we hope to foster this give-and-take through frequent opinion questionnaires on issues we will raise in *SR*. And in part, I hope the communication from your side will come through letters to the editor—letters that debate the points our articles make and letters that let us know how you are responding to our growth. For my part, I will periodically let you know how our own thoughts for *SR* continue to crystallize over the coming eventful months.

Nicolas H. Charney.

Her Name

by A. D. Freeman

Like us, she has a name. She was
born, raised; the last I heard,
lives by herself on that bleak
island.

She left school. With her pencils, put
away names
that soon forgot her name. Her mother
worked, the child
stayed home. The four rooms smelled
of kerosene. By
the packing shed it smelled of fish.
Cleaning lamp
chimneys, she often broke one. Then
her clotted voice
forgave the bleeding glass.

When she got cold, she'd bundle up in
sweaters;
in this peaked, no-colored house; this
box stuck
in a field. She'd stare out at the grass;
hear
the island's voice: the scream of sea
gulls.

Hot days, she'd look for strawberries.
Poke
for them upon her knees. Stuff her
mouth with
sweetness. Now alone, she went to
church three times
on Sunday. Three times each Sunday,
hell-fire
blasted the people, the fog.

The goose-fleshed morning she was
twenty, the fog
thinned red over the wild grass.
Called her by name, told her what to do.

Packing herring, she earned enough to
buy
the tombstone. It stood inside her
locked front door
where the wind knocked, where the
wind humped
the matting. Back to the wall, her little
tombstone
rested: cheap, white. On the top a little
lamb.

The island's changed. The stone has
moved; is planted
in the cemetery. Near the spiked flower
holders
rusting by the faucet. The wind walks;
peers
at the names. Has not found hers yet.

The lamb waits for the name, the dates
to blossom
on the stone. Then he will learn who
made him.

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Letters to the Editor

Crimes Not Without Cost

The excellent article "Crimes Without Victims" by Alexander B. Smith and Harriet Pollack [*SR*, Dec. 4] calling for repeal of all sumptuary laws should appeal to every harassed taxpayer in the country. Government at every level is broke, crime rates are soaring, and the courts are burdened beyond capacity. Not only is the taxpayers' money being wasted, but organized crime is flourishing, and worst of all, the really vital problems of our civilization are being starved for funds. We are paying too great a price for moral hyprocrisy.

Marshall Bond, Jr.,
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Muse Mao

N. G. D. Malmqvist's article "The Poetry of Chairman Mao" [*SR*, Nov. 27] was indeed timely and relevant to today's political and cultural profile. I find it especially enlightening when considering the absence of the same approach to literary or artistic endeavors by the Soviets. The emphasis on poetry by Chines higher-ups is, however, somewhat bewildering. The Soviets sought to funnel any and all artistic offerings of their population into a strict and formalized stereotype labeled Socialist Realism. The vast majority of Soviet literary output of that period suffered from extreme verbosity and secularism. The explanation for this approach to art by the Soviets has been to categorize it as an attempt by the government to inhibit works generally, unless they conformed to the overall objective of the government.

Mr. Malmqvist quite correctly stated that Socialist Realism was outdated; what I find bewildering is that the Chinese sought to replace it in the method they did. It is well known that the success of communism or any other totalitarian regime is dependent ultimately, not on its short-term successes, but on its long-term promises to the population. The major value of literature in a socialist totalitarian country should be to advance those long-term goals. It is surprising that the Chinese would choose the classical form of poetry, admittedly outreaching the population's capacity, to demonstrate the goals they hope to achieve. Hence, it appears evident that Mao's insistence on literary prowess by governmental leaders is doomed to extinction because its result will be counterproductive; the Soviet's Socialist Realism met the same fate.

Robert Sheppy,
Evanston, Ill.

Decisions, Decisions

Re: Robert Lewis Shayon's "All in the Network" [TV-RADIO, Oct. 30].

It is fine to tell us again that modern broadcasters ought to be the prime influencing factors on their respective networks, rather than the other way round, and it is well and good to tell us again and again (we've been hearing it since approximately 1934) that no licensee can delegate his programing control to the network, but the reality is that most stations, public and commercial, do it most of the time.

As Shayon rightly points out, the Corporation for Public Broadcasting (CPB) has fashioned Public Broadcasting Service (PBS) in the image of the network and more and more programing decisions are being made at that level. But I think he slanders many good people programing those "weak sister" small stations; they are ready and eager to make their own decision. Those "willing and eager" stations leave such decisions to the network, not out of choice or eagerness, but because of a conspicuous lack of alternatives. Many stations have no opportunity to preview network programs, receiving their feed in off-the-air pickups. When the opportunity does exist, pressing financial considerations often override. Can the station afford to tape the network feed for delay to a more appropriate time? Is a video tape machine available? Is sufficient tape available? Is programing available to replace the deleted network program? After all, the majority of time and effort spent at administrative levels of most stations is not squandered on time and service but on budgetary matters—making ends meet, trying to stay on the air.

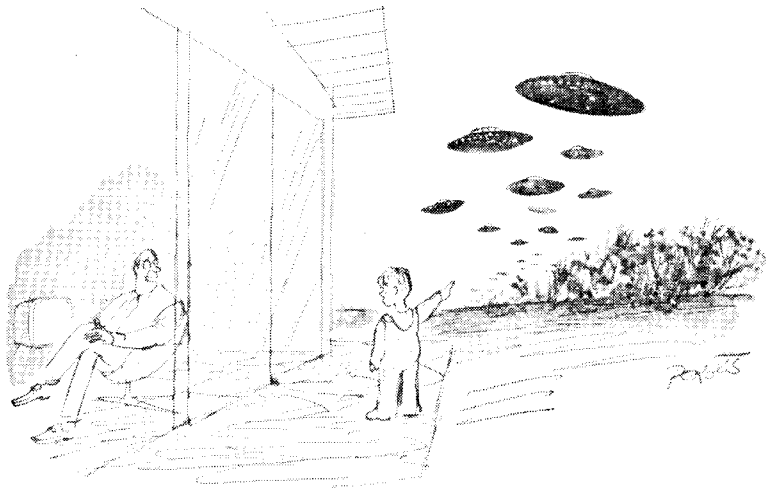
Programing decisions, particularly in smaller communities with less pluralistic constituencies, hinge to a large extent on fiscal problems. Program directors have to be concerned, not with content and production values, but whether the program is *safe*, i.e., not liable to generate such controversy in the community that important sources of financial aid are cut off or seriously reduced.

Every network program broadcast as it comes down the pipe is money saved. Many PBS stations struggle daily to make ends meet, and it is very nice to hear, as some of us have for many years (eight in my case), of the philosophical bases on which NET and later PBS are operating and how we ought to get out of the kitchen if we can't stand the fire. Unfortunately, those of us who heard that song were not the ones who needed the lesson.

Editorial judgments by station management always ride a fine line between the philosophical belief and the pragmatic reality. After all, I asked myself, isn't it better to at least stay on the air and continue to gently rock the boat? Personally as a station programer I would have preferred to err in the direction of too few censorship decisions rather than too many. Let the viewer decide! He can turn the thing off. So when the auto dealer withdraws his support because he resents Ralph Nader, he may also eliminate his favorite Boston Symphony series or Bill Buckley, but why should he support a station that broadcasts what he considers dangerous information? Well, of course he should, but most people aren't built that way.

And what is this talk of federally supported stations? Where are they? Yes, they all get a little federal money through CPB, but my definition of support runs to something more than a stipend of 10 per cent or 15 per cent of the budget. The bulk of the federal support goes to the national organizations and the major production centers. It isn't wasted, and it's appreciated and badly needed. John Macy and the rest of the boys in Washington and New York are turning out some fine programs. But there are myriad local programing needs that aren't being met because the local stations haven't the necessary funds, because they do not get enough of the federal pie. Federal support for stations, except for facilities—hardware—is practically nonexistent.

C. W. Brookins,
President,
Display Systems Corporation,
Chicago, Ill.



"Not now, Daddy is listening to the six o'clock news."

Goldwater Addendum

As an addendum to my exchange with Francis Wormuth on the war powers issue in LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, readers may be interested to know my continuing study reveals that there are at least 192 military actions undertaken by U.S. forces without a declaration of war, eighty-one of which involved actual combat or ultimatums tantamount to the use of force.

Senator Barry Goldwater,
Washington, D.C.

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JingleBelle

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky © 1971 Paddington Corp., N.Y. 10020

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Unidentified Stationary Objects

Man has always longed for some all-knowing, superhuman power to which he could turn in times of stress. So deep is this need that it is sometimes said if the electronic computer did not exist, man would have to invent it. Fortunately, however, it is one of the few certainties afforded us in this life that, just as surely as, say, it rains during Indianapolis summers, there *is* an intelligence above man's at work all around us in the world today. Yet, it being currently the fashion to call into question even the most fundamental verities, it may behoove us at this time to re-examine the grounds on which our belief in the computer rests, for as the philosopher has written, "The unexamined input is not worth processing."

Any such appraisal must deal sooner or later with an argument commonly advanced by skeptics as reason for their own lack of faith, namely, the absence of visual evidence. It must be acknowledged at the outset that there is in fact no historical record of any ordinary, disinterested layman's ever having actually laid eyes on a computer in the flesh. This fact will come as a surprise to many. It is borne out, however, by a detailed study of thousands of reported sightings over the past several years. In every case investigated, analysis has shown that, at bottom, the individual claiming to have made personal contact in some form or other was, in fact, a known computer "professional." This circumstance, with its implication of probable bias—conscious or otherwise—obviously tends to undermine the credibility of the entire body of literature describing computer phenomena. Clearly, what is needed to put matters on a properly scientific basis is a fair-minded, objective verification, solidly documented. So far, however, every attempt by impartial researchers to track the computer to its dwelling place has come up against a closed door marked "Authorized Personnel Only." There the path of inquiry stops short. Stern-faced technicians guard access to the inner temple with a priestly zeal, and through those gates the uninitiated may not pass. As a result of this arrangement, the mass of mankind is dependent for its knowledge of the realm beyond on a small, closed circle of anointed votaries. They are our intermediaries before the throne of technology, and whosoever desires to question the oracle can do so only by petitioning one of their number to intercede in his behalf.

Given this state of affairs, it is perhaps not to be wondered at that among the more cynical there should arise an uneasy distrust in the computer's very existence as a corporeal entity—a morbid suspicion that the "No Admittance" signs conceal a purely mythical marvel. "Never trust anyone who is Authorized Personnel" has become a watchword, especially among the alienated young.

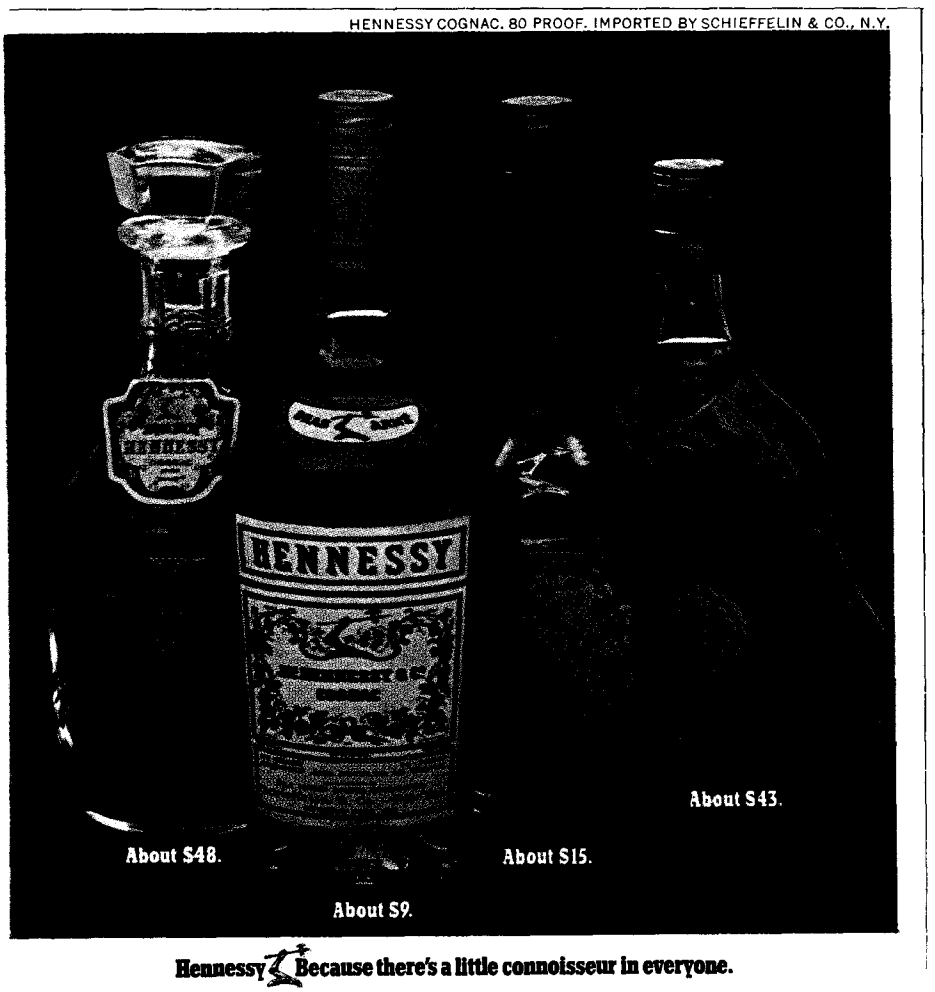
Yet, in spite of such difficulties, there is good cause why we should not fall prey to despair. Though it is not vouchsafed to us while we are on this earth to meet the shaper of our destinies face to face, we *can* see its unmistakable handiwork all about us. For what cannot be denied by the most reckless skeptic is the incontrovertible evidence of Disorder in the Universe. Trains are running late; Blumfeld's deposit is being credited to Naismith's account; the mails are awash with journals being resolutely sent to subscribers long deceased; and from coast to coast suits are being threatened for nonpayment of debts long since discharged.

What is more, infants still teething are being ordered up for induction; credit cards are being issued, unsolicited, to four-footed household pets; and the corner grocer is given a tax refund of one billion thirty-four dollars and no cents.

What are we to make of all this? Clearly, the vast pattern of error that pervades all human affairs far transcends man's puny power to commit. Yet these things do not just happen. The world is not ruled by chance. These portents and print-outs are a sign unto us that the computer lives, that it takes an interest in each one of us as individual accounts. It knows our comings and our goings; in the memory bank of fate it inscribes our overdrafts, our moving violations, and, as time permits, our changes of address. It moves in mysterious ways its blunders to perform, but its eye is on the fall of our bank balance, and all that mortal men do is known to it.

Let us then take solace in the secure knowledge that our card is in its files, keeping in mind always that it may be retrieved at any moment, without warning. And when our fiscal period is over, and all our data stored in permanent form, let it be said of us that ours was a card that was well-punched, without blemish, crease, or mutilation.

CHARLES G. TIERNEY.



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Nonpareil of the Eloquent, Lusty Pictorial Engraving

by ROBERT HALSBAND

HOGARTH:
His Life, Art, and Times

by Ronald Paulson

Yale University Press, Vol. I, 558 pp.; Vol. II, 557 pp., $40 the set

William Hogarth is unique in the history of English art: who is there to match him for the breadth and the height of his accomplishments as a pure painter and as "author" of eloquent pictorial engravings? Only Daumier, a century later in France, is comparable in possessing these dual gifts. If Hogarth's paintings could give pleasure only to the patrons and collectors who owned them and the connoisseurs who saw them exhibited, his copper-plate engravings (like Daumier's lithographs) were profusely circulated in editions of all sorts to readers in almost every stratum of the society that he depicted. The universality of his mass audience, in other words, was as encompassing as the subjects of his plates.

What kind of biographical monument does such an important artist deserve? Until now he has not been adequately treated: there are only Austin Dobson's stodgy biography (final edition 1907), Peter Quennell's perceptive study (1955)—felicitously titled *Hogarth's Progress*—and Frederick Antal's wide-ranging and Marxist-oriented collection of essays (1962) called *Hogarth and His Place in European Art*, which showed how closely related to Continental painters was this most English of artists. Ronald Paulson, who edited Hogarth's graphic works in 1965 (revised 1970), has now erected a monument so massive and imposing, so thorough and detailed, so magisterial, that were the adjective not so devalued by overuse one would be tempted to call it definitive.

Hogarth: His Life, Art, and Times is the title that immodestly outlines the scope of these two stately volumes. Of purely biographical material relatively little remains to revive his personal life. The son of a schoolmaster turned coffee-house owner, he was apprenticed to a silver engraver, but left before his indenture was finished in order to set up his own shop. Although Hogarth did not turn to painting until he was thirty, almost immediately, and miraculously, he was able to paint the scene from *The Beggar's Opera* that launched his career as an artist. His elopement with the daughter of Sir James Thornhill, a prominent "history painter" of the day, led to a happy marriage (not exactly a blessing for a biography).

Like the industrious apprentice whom he later memorialized, Hogarth eventually achieved as great success as had Thornhill, in 1757 winning the latter's appointment as Serjeant Painter to the King. This resounding title—proudly used by Hogarth under his own engraved portrait—meant merely that he supervised the house-painting of the various royal residences, for which he received handsome fees. He could have won worldly success easily as a fashionable painter of portraits and conversation pieces, particularly if, in common with other such artists, he had used an assembly line of assistants to help turn them out. But routine painting of this sort bored him; in his aspirations Hogarth looked elsewhere.

As a painter he must be seen in the context of English art in his day, which was constricted by the respect and importance accorded to "history painting" as the sublime and most exalted form (its subjects taken from mythology, classical history, and the Bible); and by the admiration for Continental

ROBERT HALSBAND, who has collected English art, including the pre-Raphaelites, has lectured on English literature.

SR: BOOKS

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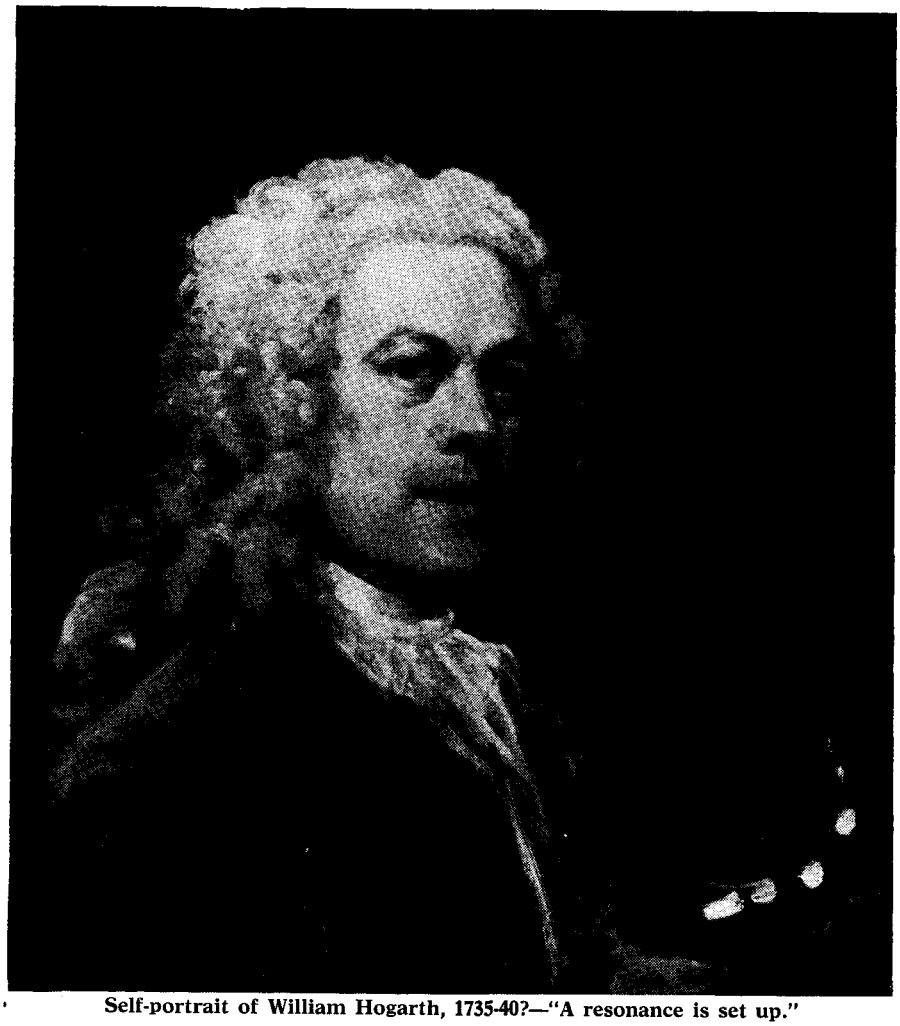

Self-portrait of William Hogarth, 1735-40?—"A resonance is set up."

artists, especially Italians of the high Renaissance and seventeenth century, whose works were collected by connoisseurs, to the exclusion of English painters. (Portraits, of course, were another matter, since painters had to be employed; yet even here foreign-born artists captured the trade.)

The ways in which Hogarth confronted this two-pronged threat to the development of native English art is paradoxical. He attempted history paintings, and these are obvious failures—to us as to his contemporaries. Toward the end of his career he was unwise enough to accept a commission to paint the altarpiece for a (Gothic) church in Bristol: his three panels, together fifty-one feet wide by seventeen feet high, display scenes from the Ascension that are just dull, conventional biblical history.

His other response to the pressure of foreign domination—aside from signing himself in one painting as "W. Hogarth Anglus"—was to compete with the Italians on their own terms. At an auction of Italian paintings a portrait of "Sigismunda weeping over the heart of Guiscardo," attributed to Correggio, had fetched £400. Sir Richard Grosvenor, a wealthy collector who had, in fact, bought other Italian paintings at the same sale, commissioned Hogarth to paint any subject he wished and to name his own price. He no doubt expected a picture like a recent one by Hogarth, *The Lady's Last Stake*, a contemporary genre painting. But, in what Mr. Paulson calls "a wonderfully perverse undertaking," Hogarth painted instead a portrait of the weeping Sigismunda, and he asked exactly £400 for it. Grosvenor politely declined to accept the picture or pay the fee; and Hogarth, though he later published an engraving of the work, insisted that he would never sell it for less. The portrait remained unsold until many years later, when, after his widow's death, it went for one quarter of that sum.

Instead of choosing his subjects from history he had come upon a new idea. After having painted the scene from *The Beggar's Opera*, he writes, he turned "to a still more novel mode, *viz.* painting and engraving modern moral subjects, a field not broken up in any country or age." (Hogarth may not have known, as modern art historians have demonstrated, that such a field had already been plowed, particularly in Italy.) "I have endeavored to treat my subjects as a dramatic writer," he said of his comic histories: "my picture is my stage, and men and women my players, who by means of certain actions and gestures, are to exhibit *a dumb show*." Hence the compelling narrative and dramatic intensity of these histories are not fortuitous; and yet the "reader" must pause, must resist the pull of the story to puzzle out and understand the emblematic and symbolic elements that crowd the drawings so densely.

In their subject matter Hogarth's great "progresses" explore almost every facet of English life of the time and, no matter what titles he gave them, they are all in essence "progresses": of a harlot, a rake, a London day (*The Four Times of the Day*), a modish marriage (*Marriage à la Mode*), an industrious and an idle apprentice (*Industry and Idleness*), cruelty (*The Stages of Cruelty*), and an election. The ground bass is always dramatic narrative, however varied the themes, harmonies, discords. They are in fact almost books; as Charles Lamb wrote, "they have the teeming, fruitful, suggestive meaning of *words*. Other pictures we look at—his prints we read." Not precisely: we read the prints, to be sure, but we also look at them with the visual enjoyment that we reserve for "pure" painting.

Despite his failure as a history painter (or perhaps because of it), Hogarth was able to use its images and devices in his modern and comic histories. (Mr. Paulson deals with this in brilliant fashion.) In *Marriage à la Mode*, for example, the husband has been fatally wounded by his wife's lover, who in fleeing shows a naked rump as he climbs out of the window. This comical detail is dimly in the background. In the center of the room we see the husband, his sword fallen and his shirt bloodied, leaning over to one side in the posture of Christ descending from the Cross, while the wife kneels at his feet in the pose of Mary Magdalene. A resonance is set up, whether or not the viewer is consciously aware of it. Another way Hogarth used history painting was to decorate the walls of his interior scenes with miniature pictures of sublime subjects that are parallel, often with ironic intent, to the current history enacted in the rooms. He succeeded, after all, in his modern histories because he put into them not only what excited him in everyday life but classical motifs as well.

Hogarth, who was also greatly interested in the purely literary milieu of his day, had begun his career as illustrator for Butler's *Hudibras*, the robust seventeenth-century burlesque of *Don Quixote* (itself a burlesque). He admired Fielding's novels, which are so close to his pictorial ones in spirit and which frequently pay tribute to his genius. Indeed, his engraved profile

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portrait of the novelist, drawn after Fielding's death, is the only graphic likeness of him that we have. In the contrasting world of delicate sensibility he and Laurence Sterne enjoyed a mutual admiration. At Sterne's request, he drew the illustrations for the second edition of *Tristram Shandy*; in it the author praises Hogarth and his Line of Beauty (the serpentine line), a concept set forth in his treatise on esthetics called "The Analysis of Beauty." All of which shows how closely this most literary pictorial artist was allied to the world of verbal art.

A pugnacious and assertive man, Hogarth became involved in controversies of various kinds. The saddest, in the final years of his life, was his feud with John Wilkes, the demagogue, and Charles Churchill, the satirist. Attacked by the former in the *North Briton* and by the latter with an epistle in heroic couplets, Hogarth retaliated with his own weapon: a print showing Wilkes grotesquely squinting and leering, and one of Churchill as a bear, a tankard of ale in one hand and a mock-club of Hercules in the other, while in the foreground sits Hogarth's own familiar pug dog pissing on Churchill's pamphlet. Who reads the *North Briton* or the verse epistle today compared to those who "read" the two prints?

It is difficult to imagine how Hogarth's life could be more thoroughly examined then in Mr. Paulson's eleven hundred pages, where every shred of evidence is searched for meaning, every fact pursued for implications. The "art and times" of the title allow a more expansive exploration, and through them the artist himself emerges more solidly, and in a sense revivified, merely by being seen so clearly in his social, religious, artistic, and political surroundings. In his biographical presentation Mr. Paulson does not melt down his materials, preferring generally to quote them. If the narrative thus loses some smoothness of texture, with its lumps of quotation, it gains in authority and authenticity. The "form and pressure" of the age as well as the man come through: this is the virtue of such a method.

The detailed research that underlies this study is formidable. Mr. Paulson has left no page unturned, from art-history journals to London scavengers' rate-books, no picture unlooked at, no door unopened. When Hogarth moves to Leicester Square we are given a quick vignette of the square and its other inhabitants. For evidence of Hogarth's presence there today Mr. Paulson offers us a footnote: that Hogarth's portrait "appears in mosaic on the entrance to the Leicester Square comfort station (men)." Can scholarly research go any further?

Since Mr. Paulson has served so

"The Enraged Musician" (above); "A Rake's Progress" (below)—". . . my picture is my stage, and men and women my players, who by means of certain actions and gestures, are to exhibit a dumb show."

pictures from the book

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prodigal a feast of Hogarth, his art, and his times, it may seem greedy to ask for more. Yet the encyclopedic breadth and the specialized depth of his work create, in a sense, an invitation to wonder why he has not treated other aspects of his subject. He discusses at length the kind of training that was traditional with contemporary painters. Why go to Nature, was its rationale, when the great painters have already achieved its perfect expression; hence the emphasis on copying and craftsmanship. Is this not similar to the literary neo-classicism advocated in Pope's *Essay on Criticism*, which tells the poet to take Homer and Virgil as his models since they have succeeded in "methodizing" Nature as no one else can? And Hogarth's challenge to the ascendancy of the great Renaissance painters over contemporary English ones—is this not analogous to the earlier literary controversy of the ancients versus the moderns?

The "progress" is a familiar form in eighteenth-century literature. Since Mr. Paulson explicates his other pivotal terms, why not this one? Will the uninformed reader think that the Harlot has bettered herself in her progress to a coffin, or the Rake improved his lot by ending in the madhouse? The use of the "progress"—in Pope's *Dunciad*, for example, or (later) Gray's *Progress of Poesy*—show how, in his innovative modern histories, Hogarth was employing a traditional form. In the background of that term, as ironic counterpoint, are the Royal Progresses of the English monarchs, with their gorgeous pageantry and pomp.

And, finally, it is odd that Mr. Paulson does not even mention the brilliant modern adaptation of *The Rake's Progress* by W. H. Auden and Chester Kallman, set to music by Stravinsky (with a twentieth-century transmutation of rococo music), that has propagated Hogarth's Rake in the opera houses of Europe and America. Yet on other occasions Mr. Paulson leaves the eighteenth century: he tells how a Hogarth print disturbed Keats's dreams, and he compares the Enraged Musician to the artist in an Arthur Koestler essay; Mr. Paulson even puts labels on Hogarth's id and superego (although he generally uses his Freudian insights more subtly). So he certainly has not turned his back on the twentieth century.

And with good reason. Hogarth, in spite of his concrete particularities and historical exactitudes, dealt with themes that are universal as well as timeless. He is a classic in spite of himself. And his "pure" painting can still light up a moment in time and space; the Shrimp Girl vibrates in the mind's eye long after one has left the National Gallery.

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Male Bonding

Readers should be aware that Lionel Tiger is repeating in *The Imperial Animal* [*SR*, Nov. 20] some of the arguments from his previous work, *Men in Groups*. In this book he theorized that, since certain troops of primates have shown particular bonding relationships between males, male bonding is the "natural" behavior among primates, therefore innate in humans—and therefore female humans should be excluded from public life, or nearly so.

Hence the statement in *Imperial Animal*: ". . . to make women equal participants in the political process, we will have to change the very process itself, which means changing a pattern bred into our behavior over the millennia . . ."

Naomi Weisstein writes in "Psychology Constructs the Female":

> . . . it is found that male chimpanzees placed along with infants will not "mother" them. Jumping from hard data to ideological speculation, researchers conclude from this information that *human* females are necessary for the safe growth of human infants. It would be as reasonable to conclude, following this logic, that it is quite useless to teach human infants to speak, since it has been tried with chimpanzees and it does not work.

Weisstein also points out that only two species of primates are used to support Tiger's theory: rhesus monkeys and baboons. And not all baboons show "male bonding"—only a few species. Furthermore, several genera which scientists suspect are considerably closer to man on the evolutionary tree, to wit, gibbons, chimpanzees and gorillas, show no "male bonding."

I once had a scientist friend who regarded all the recent anthropologist-sociologist-ethologist critiques of human society (Robert Ardrey, *et al.*) as products of the Velikovsky Method: think up a theory, assemble a pile of evidence, pick out the positive stuff, and write it up.

B. K. Emmott,
Vancouver, B.C.

More Than a Latin American Lorca

I am appalled at the article "Neruda Laureate," by Robert Clements [*SR*, Nov. 13]. All that Mr. Clements has to say about Pablo Neruda's belated recognition by the Swedish Academy is that if it were not for our "image" as an aggressor, the prize would have been ours. Aside from the fact that napalm and bullets are more than an "image," why not face the fact that this year and for many years previous to this we simply have not had a writer as great as Neruda? I can only conjecture as to why the Academy picked this year to recognize Neruda's genius, but somehow I cannot visualize a meeting in which the main topic of discussion was how to find somewhere outside the United States a writer worthy of the prize.

Why did your one article on Neruda mention his greatness only in begrudging asides? Is even *SR* so taken by *la leyenda negra* that Latin American intellectuals must ever be treated condescending.

Neruda's political poetry bothered Mr. Clements. He, and many critics like him, have not been able to forgive the poet's stand and his personal commitment to the cause of "violated humanity." In one of the poems which comprise *España en el corazón*, the poet addresses himself to this problem: he is asked, he notes, why Certainly, somewhere in the article the great volcanoes of Chile? Simply and pointedly the poet answers: "Come see the blood flowing in the streets."

The least we could have expected from *SR* was an unbiased discussion of the man's work, relegating his Stalinist poetry to the minor position it actually holds. Certainly, somewhere in the article the author might mention that Pablo Neruda is not merely the "Lorca of Spanish America" but the greatest living poet of the Spanish-speaking world.

Mauricio Domínguez,
Baton Rouge, La.

The Bottom Is the Bottom

Having just finished a first reading of the facsimile *The Waste Land*, I settled down to see what Benjamin DeMott had to say about it [*SR*, Nov. 27]. Imagine my surprise at finding DeMott, beneath all that weighty and energetic prose, riding the creaky old hobbyhorse, Didactic Theory.

DeMott seems to think that Eliot's poem should be read as a kind of allegorical guide by which we ought to have been able to improve our world. His view is closely related to Matthew Arnold's, that "poetry is at bottom a criticism of life." And of *that*, Eliot said, in *The Use of Poetry*, "At bottom: that is a great way down; the bottom is the bottom. At the bottom of the abyss is what few ever see, and what those cannot bear to look at for long; and it is not a 'criticism of life.'"

Prewitt Edelman,
Miami, Fla.

Enlightening Message

Felix Greene's letter [BOOK FORUM, Oct. 2] and E. Berkely Tompkins's petulant reply to that letter [BOOK FORUM, Nov. 20] have aroused me.

I cannot recall a recent book that has made such an impression upon me as *The Enemy*, by Mr. Greene [*SR* July 3]. Now I understand why the word "imperialism" has had so much impact in communist propaganda. People in other countries *know* about economic domination by U.S. corporations. We do not.

I have heard none of Mr. Greene's reasoning and documentation effectively refuted. If his language is too emotion-laden, I find Mr. Tompkins's review even more so. The difference between their messages is this: Mr. Greene's is enlightening; Mr. Tompkins's is not.

David Norlin,
Garden City, Kan.

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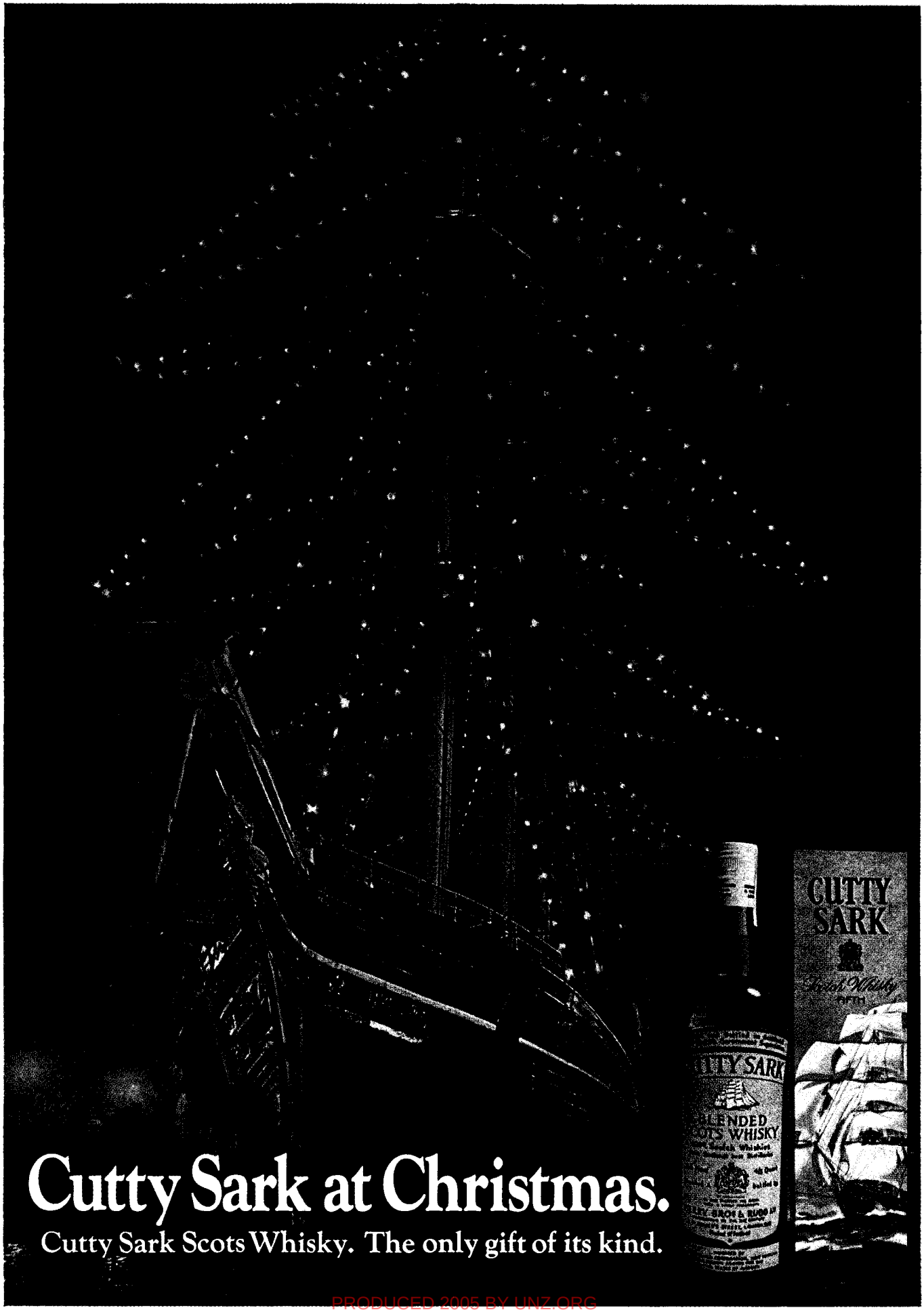

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1967

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

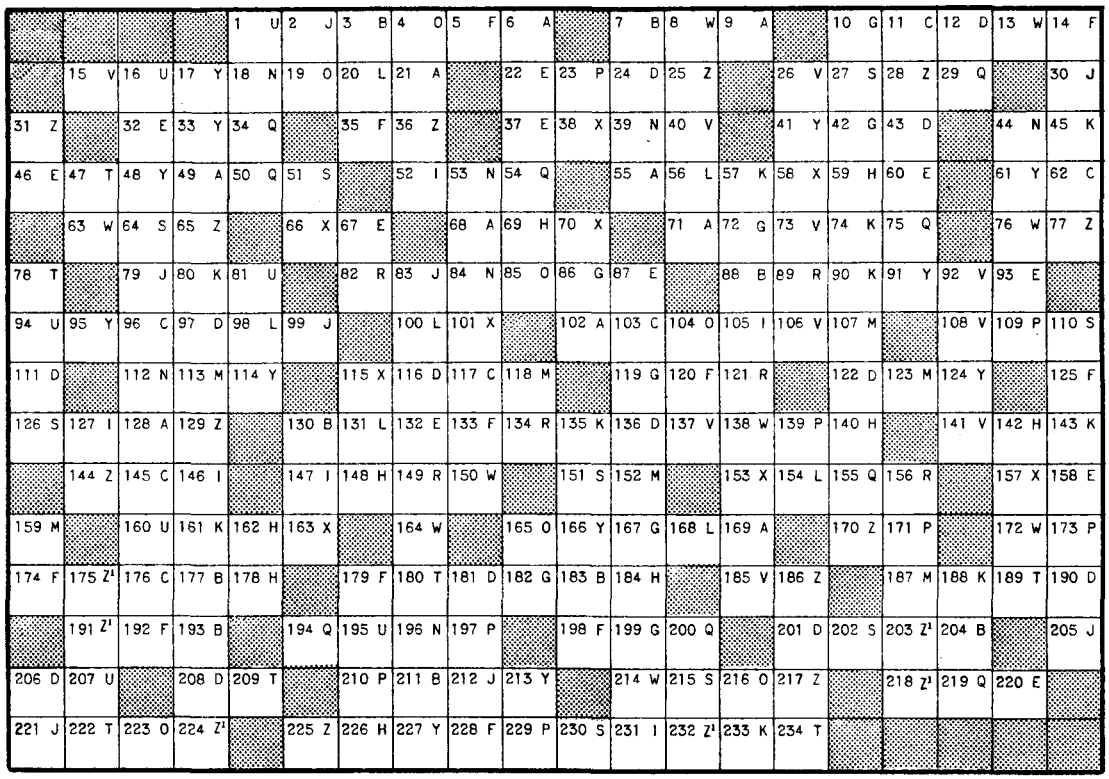
By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Energy, drive (comp.)	6 9 21 49 71 102 128 169 55 68
B. German field marshal (1875-1953)	88 130 177 183 193 204 211 3 7
C. Express approval	11 62 96 103 117 145 176
D. Of large scope	181 206 12 97 111 116 122 136 190 201 208 24 43
E. Brickwork arrangement having alternate courses of headers and stretchers (2 wds.)	46 60 93 132 158 220 22 32 37 67 87
F. Skeptic, unbeliever	120 174 228 14 35 125 133 179 192 198 5
G. As a last resort (3 wds.)	72 86 119 167 182 199 10 42
H. Instruct, impart knowledge to	59 69 142 162 140 148 178 184 226
I. Sends forth rapidly	231 52 105 127 146 147
J. Very hungry	205 212 221 2 30 79 83 99
K. Oil, grease, etc.	143 188 135 45 80 74 161 233 57 90
L. Make poisonous	98 131 154 168 20 56 100
M. Most trim	107 113 118 123 152 159 187
N. Jewish white bread, often braided or twisted	44 84 196 18 39 53 112

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. Assideans	165 216 223 4 19 85 104
P. Make an effort; strive	171 139 197 229 23 109 173 210
Q. In the act of a crime, wrongdoing, etc. (comp.)	50 75 34 194 219 29 54 155 200
R. Unwholesomely gloomy	134 149 156 82 89 121
S. Transitory	27 202 215 51 151 110 126 230 64
T. Proceeded in a fixed routine of succession	189 222 234 47 78 180 209
U. Cads	1 16 94 160 195 207 81
V. Author of "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" (comp.)	40 73 141 185 106 26 137 108 15 92
W. Any small, delicate fish cooked whole without being cleaned, esp. the sprat	172 8 164 214 13 76 63 138 150
X. Face down, as a poker card (3 wds.)	66 38 58 157 70 115 153 163 101
Y. Argumentative	213 95 124 227 17 41 33 48 91 166 61 114
Z. Suddenly and unexpectedly (4 wds.)	31 225 217 186 36 129 170 25 144 65 77 28
Z¹. In addition, besides	218 203 224 191 232 175

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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(Continued from page 75)

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RECORD MART

(Continued from page 73)

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Right to Know

Continued from page 53

lished by an organization that had to steal its information from a school office.

Adequate reporting and assessment of school performance are difficult even under the best of circumstances; but in many systems, if not in most, the administration itself functions like a mini-Pentagon to conceal, withhold, or obfuscate official information. In the largest systems public queries are shuttled from office to office, department to department, and inquirers are treated like subjects of a totalitarian state who are told, in effect, that they have no right to ask for anything.

At the same time the local press—through inadequate resources, or innocence, or sheer incompetence—becomes a public relations tool of the system, reporting the statements of "official" leaders or of political critics, but ignoring the hard data of performance. The riot is reported, but the system's contemptuous treatment of students and parents that creates the riot is ignored; the new program is announced, but the failures of existing practices, if they are discussed at all, still are attributed to "the problems children bring from home" or to other abstractions of deprivation. The systematic and flagrant misuse of funds is rarely reported; the official test data are never checked. In the Defense Department there exists—at least in theory—the argument that certain information must be classified to protect national security. No such argument can be made by the bureaucrats of the public schools; when they withhold or falsify information, they are doing it to serve themselves and to protect their jobs.

No national organization or movement can, by itself, break the information freeze of the bureaucrats downtown. No local reporter alone can do it. Yet clearly the case of the Pentagon Papers should be a paradigm for every individual or group concerned with local schools. If officials won't release the information, then it may have to be pried loose—through political action, through the courts, or, if necessary, through less conventional or acceptable means. American education could do worse than have a few Daniel Ellsbergs downtown.

Peter Schrag

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1 E 13b: (*Great Expectations*), 2G 19i: (*Rape of the Lock*), 3I 17g, 4H 20a: (*Moonstone*), 5A 18c: (*Sister Carrie*), 6D 11 h: (*Purloined Letter*), 7B 15d, 8J 16j: (*Othello*), 9F 12f: (*Death of a Salesman*), 10 C 14e: (*Les Misérables*).

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(Continued on page 74)

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Eastern Philosophy

Continued from page 44

tions of changing modes of consciousness.

Again, Sri Chinmoy speaks of surrender as "a spiritual miracle . . . the unfoldment of our body, mind, and heart into the Sun of divine plenitude within us." If one reads this critically, interrupting every other word to dissent or raise a barbed question, the message is lost; there is no way for it to come through. One is better advised to keep an open mind and reserve judgment—which ultimately may not have to be made: Sri Anirvân says that a neutral look, sustained observation without judgment, "will automatically see the disorder that reigns in the inner house; a desire for order will arise of itself." This spontaneous desire coincides with what we usually call choice: a recognition of what is amiss and, if appropriate, an action that could correct it.

In a quite different vein from the foregoing books, *Baba* projects us first into a journalist-novelist's world, then into a miraculous world. The focus of *Baba* is on the author (referred to throughout, in Maileresque fashion, as "the writer"). Although Schulman's skepticism, his constant interest in personality and external detail, are less satisfying to our "religious" impulses than concentrated discussions of the Truth and how to get there, *Baba* is the one book I couldn't put down. I was captivated, moved, entertained, and given many a glimpse of what God might be or might not be and, above all, of how this world is affected by the God that either exists or does not.

Arnold Schulman is a successful stage and screen writer who, some fifteen years ago, was sufficiently disturbed by the conflicts in the world and within himself to take up Zen meditation. Moreover, he persisted in it despite his involvement in the moneyed, high-pressure circles of Manhattan and Hollywood. Not quite satisfied with the impersonal concepts of discipline and enlightenment provided by Buddhism, Schulman eventually started searching for a guru. As have many others, he discovered Baba.

Baba is a forty-four-year-old holy man, and in India, where holy men sprout like crabgrass from sidewalk cracks and dusty village roads, Baba is famous. Multitudes accept him as an avatar—a direct incarnation of God on the order of Rama, Krishna, or Jesus. Baba works miracles practically all day, every day. He moves through gigantic crowds sweetly, gently, masterfully, manifesting objects and substances from no apparent source, healing, leaving his body, reading the past and future.

Around him—especially at his ashram in Puttaparthi, a tiny village near the southern city of Bangalore—swells an inexhaustible drama of human desires, hopes, and fears. It is this drama that Schulman sets down magnificently. He becomes a part of it, recording the smell of Indian earth, the taste of holy ashes, the sound of 100 throats hawking and coughing in predawn silence, the urgencies and desperations that drive people to pilgrimage, the love, piety, violence and delusion that have always gathered around the possibility of God.

Schulman conveys all this through concrete description, trimmed and shaped with a dramatist's expert hand. Among the characters made vivid are Mr. Desai, radiant with faith as he carries his polio-crippled son on his back; drug-taking Steve, abusive, anti-Baba, wild to expose falsehood and discover the truth that will release him from his own flippy *karma*; Asha, sitting by the prayer hall with glazed eyes, reduced from Delhi high society to Puttaparthi dust while her husband rots in a hospital bed; and "the writer," driven, sincere, doubtful, involved, detached—exactly where he is in the turning circles of his destiny. Schulman has stuck to an honesty that, together with his skill as a narrator, makes this book memorable and practically flawless.

Only rarely does he abandon his observer's stance and give himself over wholly to feeling. Probably the most powerful such instance is his final interview with Baba, during which he felt "a kind of warmth and closeness he had never known before . . . spreading through his consciousness. . . . This feeling of love—he *thought* it was love—was different from any other kind of love he had ever felt or heard about or read of before." He discusses with Baba his intention to write a book. Go ahead and write, Baba says, for that's your *dharma*:

> But write the truth. Only what you saw here. Only the truth. How you laughed at me, hated me, that's part of it; and if you want to, how you loved me, the few times you let yourself love me.

Six weeks after he has entered Baba's murky world, Schulman is walking through the Beverly Hills Hotel, past the turquoise pool, surrounded by pot bellies and tumbling breasts. "How was India?" his agent asks. "Did you get laid?" Schulman is left with the residue of his experience, whatever was real.

Linda Hess is a writer with a special interest in India and the occult.

"I know there's nothing in it. You have everything."

Answer to Wit Twister, page 47: Edom, mode, dome.

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If Ever the Twain . . .

Continued from page 16

Yugoslavian, the Rumanian, the Russian, and the Albanian, has produced numerous opportunities for the West to engage in fruitful economic trade and cultural exchange.

Of course, the war in Indochina continues to be the immediate major issue straining U.S.-Chinese relations. For Americans, the war is winding down, the troops are coming home. There is an almost universal acknowledgment that we committed a gross folly with our intervention in Vietnam and that it will be well when our troops are out even if the situation remains devoid of political settlement. The war is now so abhorrent we tend somehow or other to accept at face value President Nixon's statement that we can get out and that the divided governments of Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia can be stabilized, like that of Korea.

The Chinese are of a completely opposite opinion. They acknowledge that American troops are being withdrawn, but they believe we are putting hired mercenaries in their place plus an incredible array of sophisticated armaments, particularly in the hands of the U.S. Air Force. This combination of hired mercenary and airborne fire power, especially when applied to the more recent battlefields of Cambodia, indicates to the Chinese that we have not abandoned our basic determination to create on their periphery a series of governments sympathetic to, if not clients of, the United States.

The Chinese pay far more attention to the issue of a divided Korea than we currently realize here in the United States. Premier Chou En-lai has visited the Democratic Republic of Korea, and the leaders of that government have returned the visits. Furthermore, while we were in Peking, the top Chinese officialdom engaged in a variety of ceremonies celebrating Korean National Day, including a banquet at the Great Hall of the People. However, China's commitment to the northern half of a divided Korea is as nothing compared to the commitment, which I became aware of in Peking, that has been made to the anti-Lon Nol "United Front" of Cambodia. The Chinese know that the United States has increased Lon Nol's troops from 30,000 to 180,000. American efforts to create a client government appear to the Chinese as the latest of our interventions and one that they are determined to defeat, no matter how many years it takes.

Let us examine the case of Cambodia, which the Chinese regard as quite different from Vietnam. In Vietnam, the North Vietnamese possess a highly organized military force that (when supplied from China and the U.S.S.R.) has proved capable of holding off the Americans. The same could be said of the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam with its guerrilla forces. Such was not the case in Cambodia, where, at the time of the coup, there existed almost no Cambodian military forces capable of resisting the American and South Vietnamese invasion.

The Chinese means of countering American intervention in Cambodia have been of a highly sophisticated nature. I did not come from China feeling that they will directly intervene with military forces. Quite the contrary. After three hours of talk with Prince Norodom Sihanouk and after conversations with Chinese officials, I concluded that China's main contribution to the Cambodian scene has been to assist in the creation of an ideological base that will ultimately defeat the Americans. This United Front includes Marxist-Leninists, centrists, and even monarchists. Nationalistic and anti-American, the United Front acknowledges Prince Sihanouk as the head of the Cambodian government.

From my talks with Foreign Ministry officials and others in China, I gained the impression that the Chinese have great confidence that the North Vietnamese and the NLF and the Pathet Lao can take care of themselves. They regard the American support of the Lon Nol government in Pnompenh as an intolerable imperialist intrusion, demonstrating that the Americans haven't learned a thing from Vietnam even though they now substitute air power and mercenary troops for U.S. ground forces. Problems of land tenure, agriculture, and the need to achieve industrial growth cannot be resolved by the arbitrary use of American fire power. The President's impending visit to China is an important and significant development. What is disturbing is the failure to take the required steps that would lead to the total withdrawal of American military forces in Indochina.

It should be self-evident that China's revolution comes from its history and its culture, and is nontransferable. But the United States can learn much from China. For instance, could we not learn from the Chinese about public morality and control of corruption? How the Chinese sense of public morality could be applied in our country is not clear, but at least we should avoid acting as though the Chinese have not accomplished something by eliminating corruption, which has been widespread in other Asian societies.

The Chinese are attempting an enormous experiment affecting one-quarter of the human family. We should wish them well and hope that they will provide an inspiration for the underdeveloped and developed nations alike.

More than Herbs . . .

Continued from page 19

than some mild analgesia, adequate anesthesia for major surgery was achieved by use of manipulated or electrically stimulated acupuncture needles.

Does this practice work only because the Chinese are stoic? Is it effective only because of intense ideological expectations? Does it involve a degree of hypnosis? I doubt that these are sufficient explanations. Acupuncture anesthesia deserves thoughtful review with an open mind by Western medicine.

In my earlier comment that we were the first American physicians in China in twenty-five years I was inaccurate. One American physician has been there all the time. George Hatem, born in Buffalo, New York, has lived in China since 1934. His field has been in public health, and especially venereal disease. We were able to have an informal, substantial talk with him at the East Hotel in Canton, where we both were guests. Dr. Hatem, or, in Chinese, Ma Hai-teh, a relaxed, highly intelligent man, told us with quiet confidence that venereal disease has been effectively eliminated in China. Hatem said it has been ten years since a case of gonorrhea was identified. Cholera, plague, and similar epidemic diseases have been controlled. Hatem acknowledged that there are still schistosomiasis, though much decreased, and leprosy. Careful documentation of the numbers of lepers confirmed far fewer cases than anticipated. (Additional information on the venereal disease program in China is available in Dr. Joshua S. Horn's book *Away with All Pests*, published by Monthly Review Press, New York City.)

Edgar Snow has written in *Red China Today*: "Red China is of course merely the current chapter, and an organic part, of a very ancient and rich history wherein one may find pre-Marxist beginnings even of some institutions built by Chinese Communists of today. . . . How . . . mandatory it is to see China today as a point in time and space reached by a great people who have traversed a long, long road from antiquity."

The Chinese people are undeniably proud of what they have done as a people in these last twenty-two years. In some ways, communism is but a part, not the whole, of the exuberant drive of a people. A thoughtful moment to reflect on the continuity of Chinese culture, under a variety of circumstances, suggests that China *and* communism are inseparable forces which must be considered as one in our time, but that China is more than communism.

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Letters to the Education Editor

Financing Schools

In "Anatomy of a Revolution" [*SR*, Nov. 20], Harold Howe II mentions that Hawaii provides 100 per cent of school costs from the state level. But Howe does not hint what Hawaii's accomplishments are compared with the mainland's results. Will somebody give us a reliable comparison?

Karl Haartz,
Andover, Mass.

In "The California Doctrine" [*SR*, Nov. 20], Arthur Wise suggests that the *Serrano* decision forbids local choice of school spending levels. This hope of Dr. Wise is triggered by the court's brief and cryptic references to "territorial uniformity." I fear your readers may be led to expect more than *Serrano* will actually deliver.

To read the decision as forbidding local "add-ons" would render most of the long opinion by Justice Sullivan superfluous. Eighty per cent of it is consumed by his analysis of the nature and implications of the discrimination caused by widely varying district wealth (most of the balance of the opinion distinguishes threatening precedents). If uniformity of spending is mandated, all this painstaking analysis and argumentation is pointless, and the stunning result announced by Wise is supported only by a casual postscript. This would be a result, by the way, that was specifically forsworn not only by the parties and "amici," but by several of the majority justices in exchanges during the oral argument. In addition, the Minnesota case, which Dr. Wise correctly implies is indistinguishable from *Serrano*, specifically rejects his interpretation.

Perhaps the confusion flows from Wise's doubt " . . . whether the equal protection clause applies to children or to school districts." Of course the rights asserted in *Serrano* are the rights of the children, but this settles nothing. The question is whether the child's right is to a statewide uniformity in spending levels or merely to the removal of the influence of district wealth differences upon spending. Properly read, *Serrano* is limited to the latter.

This is neither a counsel's quibble nor an effort to put down the excellent Dr. Wise. The dispute is of central substantive importance. If Wise were right, the case would be reversed on appeal, and perhaps properly so. What makes *Serrano* viable is its very refusal to bully the legislature into homogenizing spending.

John E. Coons,
Professor of Law,
University of California, Berkeley,
Berkeley, Calif.

The articles on Financing Schools prompt me to express a point that I feel needs emphasis.

In the controversy of local vs. central control of schools, we should not forget that the quality of citizenship is partly dependent on the quality of childhood schooling. I suspect that most people spend their adult lives outside their childhood school districts, a tendency that is growing with increasing mobility. Thus the community of a person's adult residence has more "right" to control his education than his local childhood community.

Nevertheless, the fairness-equalizing value of centralized control of schools must be balanced against the danger of homogenization and standardization. But the "rights" of the community of the adult vs. the parents of the child should also be considered.

Richard P. Neville,
Sunnyvale, Calif.

In response to your recent articles concerning the obsolescence of the property tax, I offer the Archonist plan for equitable taxation for support of schools.

In lieu of heavy taxation upon incomes, sales, or real estate, the Archonist scheme advocates a per-capita tax—or "head tax"—reflecting relative utilization of the public schools. In this scheme, the head of every family would pay a prescribed "unit" per annum for each child enrolled in the public schools. Because education theoretically benefits the entire community, every adult would be separately assessed—in nominal measure—in accordance with income and within a limit of "one-fourth unit" per annum. The latter assessment would apply to parents and to nonparents; but the plan could exempt retired citizens, unemployed persons, and parents who enroll children in private schools.

In the cases of persons who have been breeding with the assistance of public stipends from welfare, the prescribed amounts of the per-capita tax would be subtracted from welfare allotments. This plan would strongly encourage greater interest of parents in the uses of revenue by school boards and realistic curtailment in the unplanned growth of the population. In essence, the Archonist plan properly recognizes the frequently neglected correlation between pressures of population and demands for services.

William L. Knaus,
Mendota Heights, Minn.

School Board Politics

Jack Witkowsky's article "Education of a School Board Member" [*SR*, Nov. 20] contributed little to the education of the reader. It came as no surprise that he was squarely for desegregation, busing, and decentralization. What did come as a shock, though, was the blatant lack of a restraining editor's pencil on this slanted material. Once again the foes of liberal journalism have found a fertile field.

I have no idea who Mr. Witkowsky and Mr. Whiston are. But Witkowsky tells us he is a "real estate consultant," while his rival is a "seventy-year-old real estate broker." Furthermore, Mr. Witkowsky's picture shows him looking professorial, with pipe, glasses, etc. Mr. Whiston's picture is a cut from the *Sun-Times*, and the caption describes him as "livid."

Witkowsky gives us thumbnail descriptions of his fellow board members. One of them, Mrs. Wild, whom he apparently does not admire, comes across as snobbish, if not arrogant, thanks to the description of her "being easily identified by her mink coat and cigarette holder." It would be interesting to hear how his fellow board members described the author.

Furthermore, Witkowsky tells us the board's meeting room is "a large, somber, two-story chamber with a rail," etc. I'll bet he conducts his real estate consultations amid a sober, businesslike atmosphere, and behind a desk, at that.

What specific proposals Mr. Witkowsky put before the board during his two-year tenure we are not told. Nor do we know what support he was able to marshal or what the opposition put forth. Mr. Witkowsky describes these two years as frustrating and in the next breath exhilarating. Chicago's schools are apparently still functioning without Mr. Witkowsky.

John K. Butler, M.D.,
East Orange, N.J.

"I've been feeding you for twenty-five years, and where in the hell has it gotten me?"

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Antidote to Instant Reform

THE ENGLISH INFANT SCHOOL AND INFORMAL EDUCATION

by Lillian Weber

Prentice-Hall, 276 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Marilyn Hapgood

■Lillian Weber has written a history of the careful, gradual change in English infant schools over this century toward more open, humane, and meaningful education. This is not the book that readers of Charles Silberman's *Crisis in the Classroom* may have been anticipating. The crusader of the "open corridor" that he celebrates says almost nothing here about her own work in New York's inner-city schools. (This has been described by others, in the pamphlet *Open Door*, a publication of the Center for Urban Education.) Instead Professor Weber records her findings from a sixteen-month stay in England in 1965-66 during which she visited fifty-six schools. For better and for worse, the result is a scholar's book —cautious, thorough, sometimes obscure, often slow-going—yet as a history it is, I believe, definitive. With this book, plus the Plowden Report and the excellent array of BBC films, one can virtually experience the English approach without going there.

Weber devotes the first half of her study to the practice of informal education in English nursery and infant schools and the second half to its theory, especially the trailblazing ideas of Susan and Nathan Isaacs, English child psychologists and educators. Throughout, her approach is historical. Her greatest contribution, in fact, is to trace the evolution of informal education. American devotees who would achieve this kind of education need to be reminded that in England the achievement took decades to accomplish and is still under way. Weber documents the process authoritatively.

In this process a liberating body of experience has developed, a tested wisdom about how children learn that has been shared by school staffs, by the inspectorate, and by the thoughtful government committees that have reported to the public on best practices. For example, because long experience in the classroom tells otherwise, the English teacher refuses to believe that the ghetto child is deficient in experience and curiosity as well as language. On the contrary, Weber observes, she honors *his* experience and builds her curriculum upon it, following through on her "commitment to make better connections with a child's background, to use his 'natural' language in his first learning." Weber's prose comes to life when she describes a London school, for many of whose students English is a second language:

> I saw a genuine relating to a child's background, and there I also saw enormous self-pride in the children and much sharing with others of their background. The Morning Service at this school was occasionally led by a representative from a child's own religious group. Children in this school asked me, "Where do you come from?" and, dragging me over to the globe, offered to point out to me their place of origin. All over the walls words from one language were matched with words from another. Children offered to learn a word in one child's language in exchange for a word in theirs. They praised the head's pronunciation of her greeting to them in their language and reciprocated proudly with an English reply.

One wishes for many more such passages describing the individual schools that Weber visited, for some of the most memorable sections of her book give a vivid picture of the gentle, firm way the English teacher has with a child. Nothing in the school day is hurried. Time is found for the head to chat with mothers, for a mother to stay a while with her child at school, for the teacher to make the surroundings beautiful with plants, books, things to think about and handle, and children's work. Above all, the learning process follows the natural pace of a child. "Piaget's research indicated," Weber remarks in her habitual past tense, "that a child needed time for all his very gradual adaptation to reality, a prolonged time of active engagement with the many concrete situations in the environment. The school's obligation was to allow *more* time than had previously been thought necessary, to allow whatever time was needed by an individual child." With life lived to the full in such an environment, the serenity of the English children—even when seen—can hardly be believed.

Yet "to live fully as a child," which the Plowden Report recommends as the best way to prepare for ultimate maturity, includes experiencing the influence of adults who know a great deal about a great many things. And it is the indispensable adult perspective of the informed teacher that Weber slights. She is child-centered to a fault!

Children can only bring what they know to their play. Piaget has helped teachers know that children can assimilate ideas from an adult if they are presented in a concrete form, if they have some connection with the child's life, and if the child is then asked to transform the new information in some way unique to him Hence, not only the child but the educated teacher must be an active agent in the learning process. For instance, I remember watching the headmistress of an Oxfordshire infant school working with a child who was making a clay fish, pointing out the texture of the fish scales and gills and then helping him use a pencil to get a textured pattern in the clay. American nursery school and kindergarten teachers who even now can say about informal education, "We've been doing it for years," might think again. For they may have been ingloriously settling for activity instead of engagement. This is all the more likely when the key element of discerning adult appreciation is lacking. Pinning a child's story on a wall "already 12 deep in stories" (as related in the *Open Door* booklet) does not value his work in the same way as placing it in a carefully arranged display.

When Weber looks toward America, she sees little hope for real change. Educators here still seem to her inclined to fit the child to the system rather than vice versa: the current challenge to the old system "may only replace the old bureaucracy with a new one." Compensatory education has been misguided; Weber concurs with the Plowden Report that, instead of special programs, "What these deprived areas need most are perfectly normal, good primary schools alive with experience from which children of all kinds can benefit." About American teachers, she recognizes that "In the present climate some teachers, despite administrative discouragement, are no longer passive and are experimenting." But she adds that it is not enough to change classrooms; we must change whole schools. Her most hopeful words come in her last paragraph, where she avers that "Out of the ruins of our ghettos a new education can be built . . . using the ghetto homes, the ghetto street life, the ghetto neighborhood—using all the things the children know, and expanding from there." This, one hopes, will be the subject of Lillian Weber's next book.

Marilyn Hapgood is a New England consultant in early childhood education.

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The Magnitude of the American Educational Establishment (1971-1972)

Rogers, Monkmeyer

More than sixty-three million Americans are engaged full-time as students, teachers, or administrators in the nation's educational enterprise. Another 137,000 make education a time-consuming avocation as trustees of local school systems, state boards of education, or institutions of higher learning. The breakdown is given here:

Institutions	
Elementary	
Public	64,539
Nonpublic (private and parochial)	15,340
Secondary	
Public	23,972
Nonpublic	4,606
Combined elementary and secondary	2,310
Universities, colleges, and junior colleges	
Public	1,089
Nonpublic	1,467
Total	113,323
School Districts	17,995

Students	
Elementary (kindergarten through eighth grade)	
Public	32,470,000
Nonpublic	4,230,000
Total	36,700,000
Secondary	
Public	13,710,000
Nonpublic	1,440,000
Total	15,150,000
College and university full-time and part-time students enrolled for credit toward degrees	
Public	6,230,000
Nonpublic	2,160,000
Total	8,390,000
Total students enrolled	60,240,000

Teachers	
Elementary	
Public	1,136,000
Nonpublic	172,000
Secondary	
Public	960,000
Nonpublic	91,000
College and university	
Public	407,000
Nonpublic	210,000
Total	2,976,000

Administrators and Supervisors	
School superintendents	13,584
Principals and supervisors	119,530
College and university presidents	2,556
Other college administrative and service staff	89,000
Total	224,670

Board Members	
Local board members	112,064
State board members	523
College and university trustees	25,000
Total	137,587

Cost (in billions)	
Current expenditures and interest, elementary and secondary	
Public	$43.3
Nonpublic	4.7
Higher Education	
Public	16.7
Nonpublic	9.6
Capital outlay, elementary and secondary	
Public	5.5
Nonpublic	0.6
Higher Education	
Public	3.4
Nonpublic	1.3
Total	$85.1

Figures based on available estimates from the U.S. Office of Education and the National Education Association

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do this fall." (The teachers were paid $10.75 an hour for attending; the students, who were promised $2 an hour, have yet to be paid.) Everything was watered down. Instead of four or five street workers for each mini-school, the number was reduced to one.

Although the mini-schools were meant to be self-contained, and although students were supposed to select their mini-schools, the business and creative arts schools are full of students who were just dumped there; other students found themselves in classes outside their units because of scheduling problems. Plans for a lounge for each mini-school were curtailed because of space problems. Students could smoke in the available lounges, but not where it counted—in the classrooms. No one considered operating on a first-name basis. Bells and "official periods" in which school business was transacted, two particularly confining symbols of the institutional style, were eliminated for the first few days, but complaints from the staff about the lack of order got them rapidly reinstated. (Bells keyed to the schedules of various mini-schools soon began to ring throughout the school every few minutes, a surrealistic situation that was finally brought under control by extensive administrative memos about the "bells problem.")

Sometimes the reality of Haaren seems dimly related to the bold rhetoric of the reform; sometimes it seems to contradict the very words. *A special highlight of the program*, said the circular, *is a basic skills center to aid students with severe learning problems.* What resulted was a series of rabbit warren-like rooms in what used to be half the cafeteria. (Students are now petitioning about the impossibly crowded conditions in the wire-caged cafeteria.) "It's incredible," a board of education aide said. "You have this whole area in which to build special reading facilities, and instead of individual carrels and imaginatively used space for group work they botch it up right away with those ugly things." Testing for reading problems, to ascertain which students will be assigned to use the skills center, has determined that 500 students are reading at or below a fifth-grade level and are therefore functional illiterates; 200 of them can't read at all. Each of these 500 will attend a forty-minute period in the center. Everyone from Deutchman to the students agrees that forty minutes a day is totally inadequate to cope with problems of students who, as one teacher put it, "can't read the titles of the texts they carry around all day." In addition, the reading program donated by McGraw-Hill doesn't fit the forty-minute unit. But the forty minutes is firm. "It's a programing problem," the principal said.

To provide flexibility in the federally funded College Bound program, which enrolls 500 students, said the circular, *a series of theme-centered English electives has been developed and a weekly program of half-day independent work periods has been instituted, when students can choose such activities as tutoring, chess lessons, or a demonstration on how to build an aquarium.* Visits to electives described as "particularly intriguing" by the chairman of the English department revealed review classes for Regents (standardized New York State tests). Students wrote out sample answers to probable questions, with cues from the teacher: "Underline the titles of the works you mention. In the second paragraph of your answer, relate the first book to the question. And remember, your fourth paragraph is your conclusion." The teachers were apologetic that their courses were not as advertised. "I give the kids what they want," one said, "and they want to practice for Regents. Anyway, they're smart enough to know that if they want something exciting it's not going to happen in this building."

> "No other school system has absorbed so many new programs as New York, and yet is so obsolete today."

Last summer the teachers voted that the independent half-day activities would be voluntary. "The whole point of the thing is that a student is there because he wants to be," a teacher said. "He must have the option of doing nothing." On the first day of the activities, Deutchman sent a mimeographed form to each student in the program, which began: "All College Bound students are required to select and attend a voluntary activity at the end of fifth period."

Ask Deutchman about the contradictions and he says he is "as frustrated as anyone" about the slowness of change, the board of education directives, and ingrained patterns that get in the way of change; yet his commitment is to the letter as well as the spirit of the rules. Ask him why classes went without teachers in the critical first weeks of the project and he talks about the slow board of education procedures for obtaining replacements. Ask him why thousands of dollars of magnificent art books, locked away from student use, can't be traded for desperately needed art supplies such as a potter's wheel, kilns, and photographic enlargers, and he cites board of education regulations forbidding the disposal of books. Ask him about any absurdity in the school, about any insult to common sense, and he has a logical explanation. "We asked for no special treatment from the board," he said with pride, a man thoroughly convinced that his school can't continue as it has operated in the past but simultaneously committed to the system that made it what it is.

But if the system has its way, and the rules don't get broken and the assumptions challenged, the mini-school—like a lot of other shiny ideas—will make no real difference to the New York City schools. Probably no other school system has welcomed and absorbed so many new programs and practices as New York's and yet is so obsolete today. The system seems to have a special ability to undermine the most sensible and timely reforms, to drain them of their vitality, to make them part of itself.

It is hard to understand why the reasonable people at the Urban Coalition and McGraw-Hill and the board of education who knew all the variables that went into creating the small miracles at the mini-schools would try to bring the concept "back to the big building." But they are reformers, and all the components that make for reform were there: the deplorable state of the high schools, the heady promise of the pilot mini-schools, the unshakable belief of the liberals that the system can be changed, and the administrator's optimism that what works in one situation should work in all. Officials at the Urban Coalition admit they saw the mini-schools "only as models to be transferred back to the large institution."

There is little indication at this time that the mini-school will survive its return to the system at Haaren. In the halls, grimy underfoot with dirt, an impromptu basketball game goes on, a Pepsi can for a ball, imagination for a hoop. Two stocky men in sports clothes, security guards, urge wandering students into classrooms. Then classroom doors are locked. Inside the bare rooms the postures are the same. Teachers talking in front of distant-eyed students. One door is slightly ajar, and through it come the voices of students spelling in unison terms they are copying from a textbook glossary. "Revenue. R-E-V-E-N-U-E. Revenue." At Haaren it may always be 1904.

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not being sarcastic. In fact, there was no question. The teacher complains about his attention span, and he is confused and a little embarrassed. Then, slowly, all around the room it begins. Gum cracking, yawning, foot tapping, whistling, belligerent smiles out of the corners of eyes. One student reads a gum wrapper, studiously averting his eyes from the teacher. Another begins to fuss with the Afro of the student beside her.

The teacher speeds up. Again, the onslaught of phrases about Greek sculpture, colonial empires, imperialism, and the industrial revolution, followed by a demand for an answer to an unasked question. A few students try to help her. One begs: "What *is* the question? If we don't know the answer, why don't you tell us?" Another: "Give the teacher your attention and let her explain." She tells them they're acting like third-graders, and they, not knowing how else to challenge her, increase the turmoil. Students begin to turn on each other, mocking friends. Nasty laughter. "Can I be excused from class? I feel sick." When a student appears at the door, shouts greet her. Photos get passed. A distant telephone rings, and students leap up to leave as if it were a bell. The class turns into a struggle to get them back into chairs, every student a disrupter. The mini-school staffs are learning that you get what you ask for.

If any of the mini-schools says something about the way schools should be run, it is Wingate Prep. The school is an anomaly: an extremely serene operation somehow free of the frenetic brashness of the city that surrounds it. The key is the staff—and particularly the director, Roy Roberts—sensitive, thoughtful, respectful of students. A stylish, young black from Arkansas, formerly a Brooklyn College counselor, Roberts modifies all positive statements about Wingate with the statement, "I'm not sure this program is working." The style is cool and practical. Although wake-up calls to habitual late-comers and absentees go out to their homes as early as 7 a.m.—and the staff is proud of an attendance rate that ran between 88 and 98 per cent during the summer session (the school operates year-round)—Roberts does not see attendance as paramount: "It seems suicidal to put rigid attendance requirements on students if they're passing courses they haven't passed before." His drug policy is a model of common sense, setting out steps for the calm in-house handling of student drug users.

Because he believes Wingate must be an educational institution and not just a credit factory but that "you can't get to people until you solve their problems," Roberts is moving carefully to develop strong academic and social programs. He has convinced a computer company to give students a Saturday morning computer technology course for credit. He has a Harvard Ph.D. candidate, the program's fifth math teacher, wrestling with the problem of making math relevant to students who see abstractions as meaningless, and he is now negotiating with the board of education to give students credit for independent study, community service, work at agencies and institutions, and for time spent in detention—whether in a drug program or in jail. A carefully structured group counseling program, run by the street workers, is central to the school's success in dealing with students as people.

Wingate's progress is reflected in its physical surroundings. The lounge where students study, play chess, talk, knit is comfortable with old couches and chairs, bookcases and magazine racks. Office walls have been painted bright clear colors, and a series of movable yellow, orange, and cocoa dividers has made a cluster of classrooms within the vast warehouse rooms. Inside one, a little miracle: A student sits alone, intent over his work, humming and jiving a bit as he plays with problems in trigonometry.

Although they are similar in approach—or at least in their official rationale—the mini-schools tend to have, each in its own way, distinctive characteristics based on setting, sponsorship, and experience. Unlike Wingate, George Washington Prep, housed in an Episcopal church some fifty blocks from the parent school, has the smell of the old school tie: There is no student lounge, boys can't wear hats, teachers are addressed formally, and regular class attendance is required. (The waiting list is such, Joan Finton, the director, explained, that places can't be held for no-show students.) A student's stay at the school is tenuous. The original Title I proposal stated that students would remain for a semester, or at the most a year, and then be fed back into massive George Washington High School. The staff already doubts the wisdom of returning students after such a short reprieve to the institution where they were unhappy and unwanted, and is tinkering with the limitations of their design.

"It seems suicidal to put rigid requirements on students if they're passing courses they haven't passed before."

Yet one obvious rule seems to apply—the broader the project, the more imposition there is from the top and the closer it is to the system, the more it will resemble the thing for which it is supposed to be an alternative. The prime example is Haaren, where last spring the principal, Bernard V. Deutchman, took steps to divide his entire institution into fourteen cohesive mini-school units, each centered on a particular area of interest—they range from "aerospace" to "urban affairs"—and involving four or five teachers and 125-150 students.

Deutchman had good reason to push for the change. "We were desperate," he admits, pointing to a 70 per cent truancy rate and a 60 per cent dropout rate: Last June only 164 students of an entering class of 906 graduated, and of these 130 received a "general" rather than an "academic" diploma, the system's "also-attended" certificate for those completing the lowest track. Four years at Haaren could seem like a very long time. It is the prototypical slum school, a dingy, barren place little changed since it was built in 1904, the setting for the movie *Up the Down Staircase*. "The kids forced it," said Caroll Jacobs, a veteran teacher at Haaren. "Although they're generally a very docile bunch, ready to take anything, for the past three years they've been rioting in the school, kicking in doors, burning down classrooms. The property damage has been incredible. Last spring for all practical purposes school was suspended. That's when this all started."

To bring the reform into existence between May and September was in itself something of a feat. This is a system where the bureaucracy grinds slowly and where approval and funds for the smallest changes must be obtained through a maze of offices and departments. But the very speed with which the project was implemented cost a good deal. While the other mini-schools had hand-picked, highly committed teachers, Haaren undertook the project with a faculty that had laced its proposal for the design with nervous guarantees about teacher security and with one-third of its members openly opposing it. Hasty planning, moreover, resulted in a lackluster training program that drew only those teachers without other vacation plans (plus a small group of invited students), and this did little to prepare them for the change. "It was a waste of time," one teacher said, "ridiculous lectures with everyone dozing off, and no real time for us to get together and figure out what we were going to

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Currently, eleven students make the weekly trip into Manhattan, and the reaction has been favorable. Roberts is also considering establishing a number of similar projects in health services, publishing, and visual arts. One of Wingate's recent graduates, Charlene Fogg (bottom), now majors in data processing at Voorhees Technical Institute in New York. Her frequent visits to the school are an indication of the importance Wingate still holds for her and also serve to encourage others.

(Continued from page 61)

A staff of street workers, blacks and Puerto Ricans—some with only a high school education and others with extensive training, some with prison records, some with years in community organizing—serve as counselors, confessors, models, and liaisons with the community. Their styles vary, but their attitudes often reflect those common to the ghetto: the old-fashioned belief that school means work and discipline and something you do whether you like it or not because it gets you somewhere, and an overt masculine chauvinism aimed at building a strong male image. (A street worker at G. W. Prep tells a class of unquestioning girls that it's probably good for "their men" to slap them around when they need it; the first activities usually drawn up for students by street workers are intramural sports geared to boys.) Much of the supportive role of the programs falls to the street workers. They spend hours calling parents of absent students, urging families to attend meetings, checking out available community services, visiting homes, and planning school trips.

The prep schools have forgotten many of the old rules. A teacher at Wingate does street worker duties; a street worker at G. W. Prep teaches a class. Students feel free to float in and out of staff offices, to talk with teachers anytime and anywhere. Generally, students are allowed to smoke in class, a major factor, surprisingly, in regular class attendance, according to students who described how a five-minute cigarette break often led to a full day of cutting in their former schools.

The students, volunteers recommended by former teachers or counselors or recruited by street workers, are not a microcosm of the school population. They are described by school system officials as people of varying ability who were "not functioning" in high school; many were truants and "troublemakers who couldn't make it in the large institution." A Harambee student bragged: "I got here because I started a riot at Haaren." But the very fact that they didn't remain accepting numbers in the system, that they demonstrated their resentment toward school by getting suspended or refusing to attend—by getting noticed at all—suggests a good deal of spunk in a system where thousands of students just disappear each year.

If the students share any passion, it is their contempt for the schools they came from. The biggest threat at Harambee or G. W. Prep is the suggestion that a student might get sent back to the "big building." "They are prisons for them," Robert Espino, Harambee's former director, said. "For most of our kids, this isn't school but an alternative to school. If they weren't here, they'd be pushed out or have dropped out by now."

At the same time, however, the students don't realize how much they are products of those schools. They are consistently suspicious of any classroom experience that isn't dull or routine, whether it is a lively discussion of emotions in English class, or a math lesson on probability based on a dice-rolling exercise. Learning is the memorizing of facts, the accomplishment of drudgery; anything else is "not really school" and "kind of a waste of time." Roy Roberts, director of Wingate, reported that the students tend to be more conservative than the staff in interviewing new faculty: "Unfortunately, they don't believe they have the ability to discuss or plan curriculum."

Face to face, the students are bright, often sophisticated, sometimes shy. They talk about themselves with a kind of implicit understanding that they deserved better than they were getting in high school. Their manners belie their reputation: Where is the behavior that labeled these students "disruptive"?

Around a long, narrow table in a small room a class reads a play by a contemporary black writer. The room is very quiet. The students read their parts with great seriousness; the others follow closely. Although there are heavily sexual scenes, there is no giggling or embarrassment. Occasionally, the teacher, a handsome man in a green dashiki, stops a scene to discuss subtleties, character motivation. His manner is low-keyed and casual, but his own enthusiasm for the play is evident. The students are almost too pliant in his hands as he asks questions and draws comments. It is a good class. An hour later the same students return to the same room for a history class. As they enter, something is already wrong. They are edgy, bumptious, and looking for distractions. The history teacher, a nervous, middle-aged woman with an infuriatingly prissy voice, talks them into their seats and begins the lesson. The subject is: "Why Europeans are the people whose culture has come to dominate the world." The presentation, which leaps back and forth from ancient Greece to the Renaissance to the nineteenth century, is a parody of all the bad teaching techniques that methods classes warn against. The teacher races along through a kind of lecture, interrupting herself with calls for attention and shushing, each admonition punctuated by the insistent tapping of chalk on the board. A barrage of run-on, non-sequitur statements stops with no warning, and she asks a student what the answer is.

"What's the question?" the boy asks,

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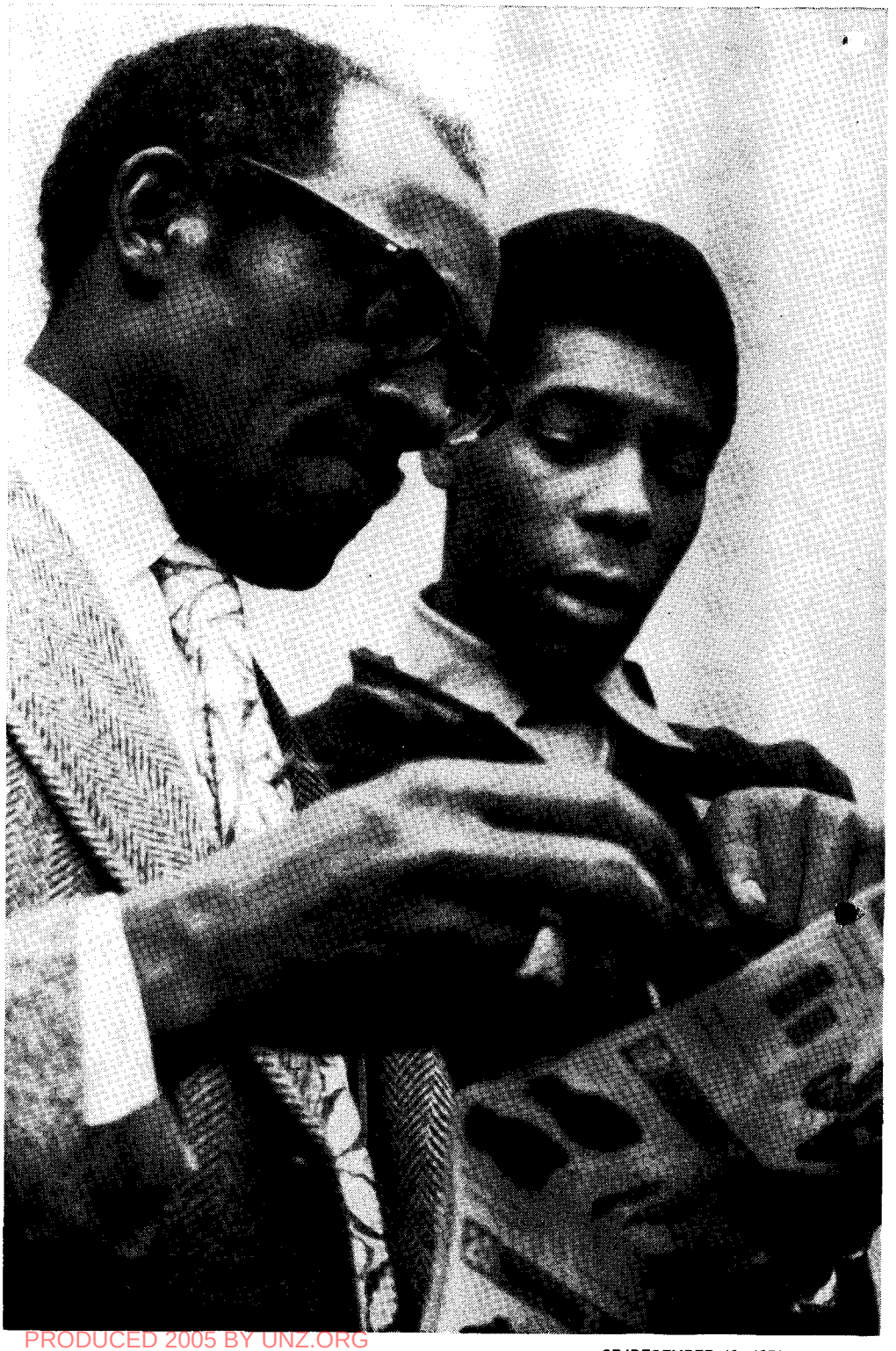
"The school is an anomaly: an operation somehow free of the frenetic brashness of the city that surrounds it."

That learning never takes place in a vacuum is a concept that Wingate teachers take seriously. As part of his teaching method, science teacher Monty Whittington first shows students the practical uses of science before discussing the basic principles of electricity. Below he explains piston action to a student who is assembling a Model V-8 engine. "It is the fascination of seeing how things work," he says, "that makes science appealing to these kids." An important part of Director Roberts's negotiations with the board of education has been to convince them to grant credit for independent study, community service, and work at other agencies and institutions. Wingate students (upper right) attend a Saturday morning computer technology course given by a private computer company and receive credit for their work. The program is designed, in part, to give students a chance to meet people outside their community and, in part, to suggest possible career opportunities.



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There is a feeling among the eighty students at Brooklyn's Wingate Prep that their school is no ordinary place, because, in the words of one young woman, "You get more work done there than you ever did at the regular institution." Wingate's success is attributable to its energetic staff and to its young director, Roy Roberts (upper left). What is so striking about Roberts is his perceptiveness to his students' needs, his flexibility about rules, and his openness about school problems—a rare trait in school administrators. But Roberts could not function as effectively as he does without the support of his staff. Teacher Ron Ross (upper right) interprets history in light of its effects on the black community—and the subject thus takes on meaning for his students. Clearly, if any educational philosophy prevails at Wingate, it is the idea of beginning with a problem that is meaningful to the kids and from there moving toward abstractions. Learning at Wingate is facilitated by street workers such as Judy Sullivan (lower left), who talk easily with kids about their personal and academic concerns. The informality of Wingate is probably best illustrated by the school's focal point, its lounge. On any given day one is likely to find a teacher (below) challenged to a game of chess, while others relax with whist or a book. The school's informal atmosphere does not guarantee success, but it is an appropriate setting for the kind of school Wingate wants to become.

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WINGATE PREP: Incipient Miracle

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ple six hours every day. Visit George Washington or Hughes or DeWitt Clinton or Long Island City, and it is hard to believe that they were not designed as punitive institutions. Great blocks of buildings in arrogant disrepair. Labyrinthine systems of bells and signs and rules and passes and locked doors and controls to ward off the chaos always threatened by the boredom and sullenness that permeate the atmosphere. Rows of classrooms, bare of any comfort to the eye or ear or spirit, stripped down to some long-ago schoolmarm's idea of the essentials: uncomfortable, scarred desks often nailed to the floor, a much-used chalkboard, a stack of identical shopworn texts in a bookcase, a chart or map that has always hung on the wall, radiators, banks of gray or pea-green lockers. It is as if the news of every educational idea and resource and tactic developed in the last few decades—James Conant's recommendations, Jerome Bruner's theories, Charles Silberman's critiques, curriculum reform projects, overhead projectors and audio equipment and films, posters and paperbacks and flexible seating arrangements—had never reached these places, as if time had stopped once the blackboard was introduced. In each of these rooms, a teacher stands at the front, writing on the board or reading out of a text or talking; a handful of students (always fewer than any bargained-for ratio) sitting beneath his gaze, some dutifully copying the words off the board or following in the text, others staring into space or asleep with heads on their desks. On all the faces, there is the look of dull resignation reminiscent of those who sit on benches in bus stations late at night, waiting to go nowhere.

I visited George Washington High School in the spring of 1970, barely a month before the school exploded into a long siege of student sit-ins, parent protests, and police actions. That was before the weeks when parents claimed their children in night court, and when the school cafeteria was lined with helmeted policemen, before *The New York Times* began to report on incidents of student violence and the role of "outside instigators." In that "calm" period, a walk down the school's corridor showed what the media never had: a young teacher listing the provisions of the Treaty of Versailles on the board and telling the students to memorize those labels for a test; a middle-aged woman bouncing a shrill voice off the walls, not noticing that no one was listening; a lesson on artificial respiration with students sitting at desks and writing down the parts of the procedures, guaranteed never to teach anyone how to save a life. The Treaty of Versailles, artificial respiration, a Robert Frost poem, the parts of speech—all reduced to a common tasteless gruel of words and lists, all to be regurgitated on a test. Outside the classroom, communication between staff and students ranged from the patronizing ("Now, I'm sure if you try you can learn that") to the openly hostile ("Get your butts in there, and for once act like human beings").

Yet students were strangely uncritical of the grinding boredom of classes or the poverty of facilities. Instead they complained of the difficulty of prodding the barely functioning system into operation, of making sense of the place. A senior told of his abortive four-month effort to get out of a math course he had been incorrectly scheduled for. He had gone from teacher to class adviser to guidance counselor to the principal and then started the rounds again, as each staff member insisted that the power to untangle the schedule lay elsewhere. ("Finally, after all the letters and appointments, it just seemed simpler not to go to the class and take a failure.") Another student told of the hours and days it had taken to get a bus pass after he had broken a leg, another of waiting semester after semester for three years to get placed in an art class—his only interest in school—and each time finding himself reassigned to shop. The system should work, each was saying, but it doesn't. Yet not one of them questioned the system itself.

Measured against these schools, the pilot mini-schools—Harambee, Wingate, and George Washington Prep—are a relief. Simply the change of environment from the "big school" to makeshift quarters seems to dissipate much of the tension that always flows through the halls of the large schools. The teachers, whom the students have a part in selecting, tend to be young and earnest, and see the program as a chance to stay in inner-city teaching while avoiding the roles they were required to play at their former schools. "Jim got pushed out of Hughes because he related to kids," a Harambee student said of his favorite teacher.

In classes, even routine ones, the staff shows a nice flexibility. At Harambee, in Jim Murphy's drug class, a dozen students are discussing the Rockefeller drug withdrawal program when a girl in hot pants comes swishing through the room, using it as a short cut. Hearing the topic, she breaks into a loud negative commentary on the Governor's ethics and politics. In any other New York City high school, she would be called disruptive. Here, the teacher integrates her opinions into the lesson ("As Marcia pointed out . . . ") and moves on.

In Esther Levenberg's English class down the hall, eight students go on a "blind search" to sensitize themselves to sightlessness before discussing Dorothy Parker's short story about a blind black child, "Clothe the Naked." At the lesson's conclusion, one student sums up the moral to everyone's satisfaction: "That rich chick who thought she was generous got him right up the ass." A neat, planned lesson. Then her next class comes straggling in, slapping books on desks. "This is going to be one of those," she notes, and announces a free reading period. Novels and comic books emerge, and the room grows quiet. One girl hides her book in her lap. The teacher is curious.

"Can I see?"

"No."

"Is it dirty?"

"No. It's clean."

"OK."

The students don't have serious reading problems, Ms. Levenberg explains. "They've just learned to dislike books. I let them read pornography, and they read."

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NEW YORK'S MINI-SCHOOLS

Small Miracles, Big Troubles

by DIANE DIVOKY

Late in the 1960s, pedagogical planners dreaming about "educational parks" for 10,000 students and a wonderland of technology to serve them discovered a funny thing. Behind them a grass roots movement was going in the opposite direction. The rise of the free school, the community school, the school-within-a-school—whatever the individual intent or style—was a reaction to the increasing anonymity and assembly-line treatment that had become the staple of public education, particularly in the cities. Before long, schoolmen who had recently boasted about large enrollments, sprawling school plants, and computerized efficiency were ascribing everything from student unrest to high truancy rates and low reading scores to the impersonal and highly institutionalized style of their operations.

To counter the effects of size, more than fifty city and suburban school systems have introduced alternate programs within the past two years—particularly at the high school level. A number of these, in Philadelphia, Chicago, Hartford, and Providence, are "schools without walls" that use the resources of the urban areas as the learning ground for a relatively small group of students. Other projects—in St. Paul, Minnesota; Great Neck and New Rochelle, New York; and Newton, Massachusetts—stress independent work and small-group intimacy in an unstructured setting. While a number of these mini-schools are designed for bright, middle-class students disenchanted with the rigid routines of high school, others are aimed at salvaging poor and minority group youngsters about to drop out of schools where they have never known success. All are attempts to personalize the process of a high school education and to make it meaningful.

Some version of the mini-school, the "think-small-and-intimate" reform, seemed inevitable for New York City, where schools are particularly vulnerable to charges of bureaucratic bigness. There are neighborhoods in New York where as many as 6,000 students attend high school on double sessions in a single building, where often a student can enter his school only after identifying himself by showing a program card to an anonymous security guard, where he can go from year to year without meeting his guidance counselor, where he is told in countless ways each day that he is only one of 1.1 million and will be accommodated only as long as he fits the system. The adoption of the mini-school as a possible antidote has been rapid. But the rhetoric—too often—has run far ahead of performance.

The city's pilot mini-school, Harambee Prep, was begun in the fall of 1969, an attempt of the New York Urban Coalition and McGraw-Hill, the sponsoring company, to cooperate with the board of education in a reform that would have a direct impact on public education. The private street academies, operated by the New York Urban League in the late Sixties, had begun to lose the funding of the commercial corporations that had supported them: Whatever their successes in salvaging the system's ghetto dropouts, they had remained peripheral to the system that created the dropouts in the first place. Harlem Prep, the private school that took the best of the street academy graduates and frequently sent them on to prestige colleges, had gained a well-earned reputation but had done little for the public schools except demonstrate how they were failing bright minority students. Harambee (a Swahili word for "Let us all pull together") was designed to use some of the techniques of the street academy—street workers, small classes, individual support—but to enroll 100 students who were still, if barely, on the formal rolls of the city system. The Coalition's partner in the experiment, Charles Evans Hughes High School on the lower West Side of Manhattan, a classic example of a depressed school beset by every problem that ghetto education can know, donated space and five teachers for the project. Four street workers and a director were supplied by the Coalition through foundation and corporate support, and students were recruited from Hughes and nearby Haaren High School. In the fall of 1970 Wingate Prep, a twin project with fifty students sponsored by Pfizer, Inc., was begun in a warehouse storefront in Brooklyn. Like Harambee, Wingate drew its students from a large high school with a population that was 90 per cent black and/or Spanish-speaking. The students were people who, in the words of an administrator, had "not been functioning."

Last spring, six months after Wingate was opened, the board of education, using federal and state funds, began two mini-schools of its own, one a spinoff of the troubled 4,000-student George Washington High School, the other—now in financial difficulties—at Benjamin Franklin High School. Despite the dubious success of these ventures, the board escalated the program this fall, announcing the establishment of thirteen more "alternate" schools affiliated with high schools throughout the city and, more significantly, the restructuring of Haaren High School, an all-male, 2,500-student ghetto school in Manhattan, into a complex of fourteen subject- or theme-oriented mini-schools. In at least one instance, the impetus for the creation of mini-schools came from the teachers of the feeder school, who, as one of them said, "had been trying to figure out how the hell to get out of there with some of these kids."

The coming of the mini-school en masse to Haaren was duly celebrated. *Newsweek* saluted, calling the plan "bold," "promising," and predicting it "could be doing something important in U.S. education." The Urban Coalition, its hopes and resources riding on the project, described the school as "a new kind of educational community." At the board of education, the talk was that "this could be the most significant breakthrough in our high schools yet." The mini-school, two years ago an interesting 100-student gamble, has become the system's new reform.

To understand the significance of the mini-school in New York, one must see it in the context of the places it is meant to change, the high schools to which the city consigns its young peo-

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part is Payton's commitment to a broad, active role for black colleges in the local community. Then there is the powerful appeal, which Payton does not need to articulate, of being able to impart knowledge and skills to other black people, providing students with what Payton calls "healthy role models" that they can pattern themselves after. White missionary-educators provided role models in the early decades of the Negro colleges, but they were hardly models for black students to emulate.

Ivory Lyons, who went to Benedict in 1971 after twelve years at Northeastern, was drawn there largely by its record of community involvement. "Many of us thought we would have an impact at the black schools in that respect," says Lyons, "but they are oriented toward the idea that the college does not play an important role in the community. They are still dealing fundamentally with the classroom and lecture situation. I was getting rather fed up with that." Lyons still lectures at Benedict, of course, but he also directs the college's Community Development Institute, which works with local blacks in economic development, social welfare, and education; students and faculty members, for instance, instruct black businessmen in modern accounting, cooperative warehousing, and the like, and they also study ways to remedy such tangible and pressing problems as the displacement of black teachers and principals by school desegregation. One result of Payton's campaign has been a dramatic upgrading of the Benedict faculty: When Payton arrived in 1967, the faculty included only one black Ph.D.; now there are twenty.

George Napper, a young Negro who received his Ph.D. in sociology from the University of California in 1970, chose to join the faculty at Atlanta's black Spelman College rather than at one of the half-dozen white schools—including California and the University of Washington—that offered him jobs. He calls his choice "basically a rational assessment of my responsibilities toward and opportunities in the education of black people." Napper estimates that 60 or 70 per cent of the young black scholars he knows have chosen the same way: "All of us, I think, see a need to be related in a meaningful way to the black experience. In our case, this means teaching black people."

At Spelman's sister school, Atlanta University, political scientist Mack Jones finds black academics, especially the younger ones, committed to "the new sense of peoplehood that is permeating all of black life. Our department added four black teachers this year, and at least three of the four were being actively sought by white colleges." Jones enthusiastically supports their choice: "To me, education is political. If one takes a position at, say, Harvard or MIT, one is helping to reinforce the established American order, because those schools are part of that order. I believe that the oppression of black people is an essential condition of the American system, so I am unwilling to devote my life to dealing with white people in a reformist way." After the recent Attica Prison tragedy, Jones angered black administrators of the Atlanta University Center by declaring publicly that "there can be no permanent alliances between the oppressed and the oppressors"; he suggested that if Spelman College were ever perceived as a threat by its longtime benefactors, the Rockefeller family, the Rockefellers might well turn on Spelman. Among the protests Jones received was an angry letter from Spelman President Albert Manley. Jones sees this as evidence that black colleges are still too much under white control; but it is also evidence that, at black schools as well as white, it is impolitic and at times risky for a faculty member to be outspoken.

Jones's contention that the "established American order" can best be challenged on black campuses is disputed by those black academic peers who find themselves both comfortable and productive at white institutions. Several point out that there are now almost twice as many black students at predominantly white colleges as at black ones and argue that black teachers aware of these students' needs are an essential part of white colleges nowadays. Sam Cook has frequently been involved with Duke's 125-odd black students, helping them establish a black studies program and advising them on problems ranging from grades to a student-led effort to form a union for the university's nonacademic employees. "When they're wrong, I tell them," he says, "and they respect me for that." Indiana State's James Conyers contends that white students also need what black teachers can offer—what he calls a "blackanization" of education, "the incorporation of a black perspective."

There are valid points on both sides of this debate, but the debate is not nearly so important as what it signifies: a greatly increased mobility and area of choice for America's black scholars. They are, as Benjamin Payton phrases it, "a good deal freer to exercise some of the options that have long been available to whites." That is, they are able to find work at white institutions or black institutions and to switch back and forth between the two. After a century of deprivation and frustration, that is a long step forward.

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FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1483

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1483 will be found in the next issue.

QYW KWIPJR CWR IRU LJCWR UJR'Q XRUWKPQIRU WIMY JQYWK VP QYIQ QYWO HW-GJRZ QJ UVBBWKWRQ PWTWP.

—UJKJQYO UVT

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1482

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—EDNA FERBER

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liberal white administrators of having created "an intellectual Frankenstein." "The real damage done by black studies," says Kilson, "is its contribution to the rise of double standards, treating Negro students and faculty by standards inferior to those applied to white students and faculty. The result of this for the future quality of American Negro elites could be tragic." Black studies proponents retort that they are not concerned with "American Negro elites," at least not with those brainwashed at white institutions; they are concerned, they say, with "liberating" all of America's black people.

Black studies aside, blacks are now being hired by white institutions to teach in a wide variety of established academic disciplines. Inevitably, most of them are going to undistinguished white schools (most whites go to undistinguished schools, too), but increasing numbers of well-established or particularly promising black scholars are being hired and promoted by Ivy League schools and other prestigious institutions. Richard A. Goldsby, a thirty-six-year-old biologist, last spring was named the first Negro master of a Yale college. Harvard College now numbers, outside its Afro-American Studies department, twelve black professors, six of them tenured; Harvard University has about twice that many. In addition, Negroes now hold these positions at Harvard: dean of students for the college; associate dean of the School of Design; and assistant to the president. It is unusual today to find a sizable white institution that does not have at least one black teacher--and a black scholar who has not received at least one job offer from a white school.

Highly regarded black scholars are actively recruited by white colleges. Mack Jones, a political scientist at Atlanta University, has had "thirty or forty job feelers over the past two or three years," with some of the jobs paying half again as much as his present salary. Samuel DuBois Cook, a political scientist who is the only black full professor at Duke, has been offered faculty positions, deanships, and even presidencies by white institutions. (There is at present only one black president of a major white school—Clifton R. Wharton, Jr., at Michigan State.)

The white institutions have a number of selling points. The first and most obvious is salary. Salary differentials range from a few thousand dollars a year at the instructor level to $6,000 or more at the full professor level; salaries of $30,000 or $40,000 for endowed chairs or special appointments are virtually unknown at black schools. Money to attend professional meetings and facilities to conduct research generally are much more plentiful at white institutions. Administrative red tape generally is less suffocating than on the black campuses, where there has been a tradition of authoritarian, father-figure presidents. Teaching loads at white schools often are only a fraction the size of those at black schools. "Many of us are still teaching twelve or fifteen hours a semester," says a member of a black university faculty. "There is a large group of white schools where nobody has taught fifteen hours since the 1940s." Then, too, there is the feeling, which has persisted ever since the black schools began, that black is second-class in education, that really making it in the academic world means teaching at a white institution.

Considering these attractions, it is surprising to find black scholars opting for positions at black schools. In some cases, they are leaving white schools to accept lower-paying jobs at black ones; in other cases, they are going directly from graduate schools to positions on black faculties, passing up better-paying and presumably more prestigious "white" jobs. While younger men and women have led the way, the movement involves established middle-aged scholars as well. Few of them, it is interesting to note, cite racial discrimination or racial slights as a reason for shifting; service to black people, including involvement with the black community, is the reason most often given.

An outstanding example of the trend is found at Benedict College in Columbia, South Carolina. In the past two years, Benedict has lured several black academics away from jobs at white institutions. Among them are political scientist Freddie Colston, from Ohio State; economist Ivory Lyons, from Northeastern; "community education" specialist Dan Young, from the University of Washington; and William Owens, who was chairman of the speech department at the State University of New York at Brockport. The luring was done by Benedict's thirty-eight-year-old president, Benjamin Payton, who has mounted a quiet campaign to bring top-notch blacks to his faculty. "For a period," says Payton, "the brightest blacks were heading for jobs at white schools. Now bright, well-trained black people are deliberately choosing black institutions. It is no stampede, nor do I want it to be one. And it is not a question of choosing an incompetent black teacher over a competent white one. But if white schools can attract black scholars, doggone it, we should be able to do so too."

Part of the attraction at Benedict is an improved salary scale; Payton has raised the top salary from $10,000 to $19,700. (Benedict and other black colleges soon should be able to raise salaries considerably higher, thanks to a recent Ford Foundation grant of $100-million over a six-year period.) A larger

Benedict's President Benjamin Payton.

Dan Young (left), who directs Benedict's community education program.

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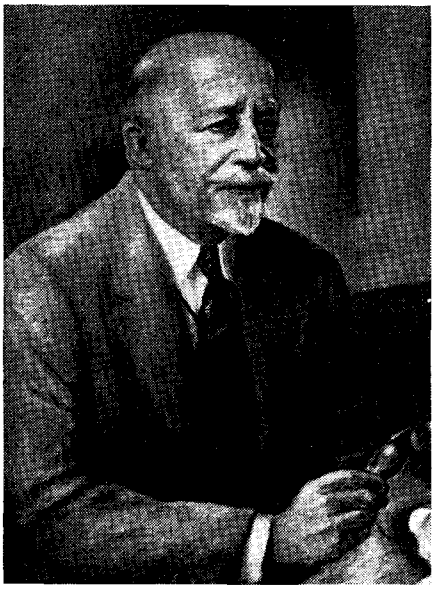
minister their affairs, such an admission is an eloquent argument that they have failed ingloriously and should be immediately closed.")

Overlooked too was the implication, which the whites would have quickly denied, that the Negroes were not fully their equals. This form of discrimination was sustained in part by the belief among many Negro students that the whites were right—they *were* better off being taught by whites. Even as late as the 1930s, the faculties of some black colleges remained closed to the men and women who had graduated from them. Only occasionally did a black scholar come to the attention of the white world. The classic example is George Washington Carver, and he was hardly an outstanding scholar. Carver was essentially an industrial chemist, successful at creating by-products from peanuts, pecans, and similar crops. But he had assets that were more important to whites than the intellectual level of his work. He was an all-American achiever, and he was "safe"; that is, he did not advocate racial equality. Yet as highly as Carver was esteemed, no white school offered him a position. He remained for half a century on the faculty at Tuskegee Institute. If a safe Negro like Carver could not get a job at a white school, who could? Nobody could. From controversial race leaders like the brilliant W. E. B. DuBois through apolitical natural scientists like biologist Ernest E. Just, black scholars were kept on an academic reservation. The closest DuBois came to a "white" appointment was when he temporarily became assistant instructor at the University of Pennsylvania, a small sinecure to facilitate research for his book *The Philadelphia Negro*.

A substantial number of cases of black academic frustration involve Harvard University. Over several decades, Harvard trained more distinguished Negro scholars than any other white American institution. Yet Harvard merely built higher the walls that separated the two worlds of scholarship. A long list exists of eminent black scholars who were educated at Harvard but never invited to teach there—among them DuBois; historians Woodson, Franklin, Rayford Logan, Benjamin Brawley, and Charles Wesley; critic and art historian Alain Locke; economists Robert Weaver and William Dean; chemist Percy Julian; poets Sterling Brown and Countee Cullen. An indelible blot on the Harvard record involves the case of Dr. William A. Hinton, who graduated from Harvard Medical School and was made a nonteaching clinical instructor at the school. There he remained, not even a professor, for thirty-seven years—while he became one of the nation's outstanding syphilologists. Just before Hinton reached retirement age in 1949, the medical school assuaged its conscience by making him a full professor, the first Negro to attain that rank in the university's 313-year history.



Historian Carter G. Woodson (above) and sociologist W.E.B. DuBois—"The frustration of black scholarship has a long and dishonorable past."

One Harvard-educated black social scientist says bitterly that he would "sell apples" rather than teach there: "It was not just the race thing that I objected to at Harvard. It was the whole Back Bay, blueblood attitude that included anti-Semitism. I learned what anti-Semitism really meant when I was at Harvard."

The academic color line was broken at the University of Chicago in 1940 with the hiring of black social anthropologist Allison Davis. Nervous Chicago administrators worried that Southern white students would walk out on Davis. The white students did not, but some of the white faculty members did when Davis entered the faculty club. "Allison looks almost white, too," muses a longtime friend. "Some of the people who walked out on him were darker than he is." Davis stuck it out at Chicago, and before long a few black scholars were being hired at other white institutions: for example, social psychologist Kenneth Clark at the City College of New York and economist Abram Harris at Chicago's Roosevelt University; John Hope Franklin and sociologist Ira Reid were even made department heads at Brooklyn College and Haverford, respectively.

The movement of black scholars into white educational institutions was accelerated by two forces: the enrollment of substantial numbers of black students at those institutions, beginning several years after the Supreme Court's 1954 desegregation decision, and the boom in black studies, beginning in 1967. It has been ballyhooed as a "black brain drain," but, in fact, few black scholars actually were lured away from Negro colleges; what did happen was that young blacks with newly earned Ph.D.s began accepting newly created positions at white schools.

Black studies greatly expanded opportunities for blacks on white faculties. White schools, confronted by student militants or simply by the need to remain educationally *au courant*, hastily established black studies departments and hunted for Negroes to staff them. Atlanta University and other black institutions were bombarded with requests for what amounted to instant, do-it-yourself black studies kits from such schools as Central Connecticut College and Edinboro State College, most of which had never had the vaguest intention of hiring a black professor. Harvard, being Harvard, dipped into its glorious past to promote its new program: President Nathan M. Pusey, seeking board members in 1970 for the university's new graduate research institute in Afro-American Studies, had the audacity to invoke the name of "W. E. Burghardt DuBois '90 . . . that distinguished son of Harvard."

Over the last year or two, the value of black studies programs and the quality of their teachers have come under attack. While proponents have sought to side-step traditional academic standards and to introduce such subjects as "black math," opponents have decried the whole concept of "segregating" college curriculums according to color. Kenneth Clark calls this "a continuation of the Jim Crow approach to higher education, tragically compounded by the acquiescence of the blacks themselves." Harvard government professor Martin Kilson, a Negro, accuses black student militants and

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The Emancipation of Black Scholars

by ROGER M. WILLIAMS

For the first time in American history, there is now a reasonably free interchange of black teachers between white and black colleges. The systematic exclusion of black teachers that persisted until well into the post-World War II era has vanished almost completely. Indeed, the pendulum has swung so far that there is a perceptible trend among black academics away from white schools and to "their own" campuses. As James Conyers, a young black sociologist at Indiana State University, puts it: "We can come and go from black schools pretty much as we please these days, with the kind of mobility that white academics have had." To Conyers, this is a good sign: "Part of liberation is an expansion of options."

It has been only three decades since the first Negro joined the full-time faculty of a major white school, so the mobility of which Conyers speaks represents a striking change in the academic world. The free flow of blacks is not found on all academic levels, however: Few black administrators have found homes at white institutions, and, with the exception of "black studies" programs, there have been few black department heads as well. But at the teaching level, and in many fields other than black studies, the demand for black men and women is substantial.

The demand stems from questionable motives. Some of the white colleges that so earnestly pursue Negro faculty members want them as "show niggers," to demonstrate—perhaps to grant-giving federal agencies—that the colleges are enlightened and without racial bias. Others have hired Negroes for the same reason they established black studies programs—to counter the threats of radical students. But whatever the motives, the result has been salutary: a broadening of opportunities for blacks in the white academic world.

In light of these recent recruitment efforts, many white Americans fail to appreciate how frustrating was the life of the black scholar until less than a decade ago. The professedly liberal and open academic world was illiberal and closed as far as black men were concerned. Virtually no room existed for them on the faculties of white institutions, from Harvard on down, and little room in the academic associations. Those who did find places had to endure a fine variety of insults. Their efforts at scholarship were regarded, out of hand, as second-rate and not meriting serious consideration by their white peers. Their life in the South, where all but a few of the Negro schools are located, was confined almost totally to the campus and its environs, where they were cut off from colleagues at nearby white schools as well as from normal contact with the local community. They had difficulty getting scholarships and using common research facilities, such as libraries and archives.

Educated blacks presumably were incapable of judging Shakespeare or of mastering nuclear physics or other color-blind subjects. Some pursued those fields anyway, but the large majority went dutifully ahead in their own prescribed area—"Negro studies," it was loosely called. There was plenty of room for them in that field, for whites were paying little attention to blacks as a subject for serious study and analysis. In a way, that was fortunate for the black scholar. If the whites had pre-empted Negro studies too, what would have been left for him?

"The path of the scholar is at best a lonely one," the black historian John Hope Franklin wrote in the early 1960s. "In his search for truth he must be the judge of his findings and he must live with his conclusions. The world of the Negro scholar is indescribably lonely; and he must, somehow, pursue truth down that lonely path while, at the same time, making certain that his conclusions are sanctioned by universal standards developed and maintained by those who frequently do not even recognize him."

There are poignant echoes of another black historian, Carter G. Woodson, who pointed out three decades earlier how American society deprived Negroes of the very way of life to which they were taught to aspire. Black scholars then lived in a special circle of America's hell for black men: Educated, comparatively affluent, far above the national average in intelligence and ability, they were condemned to spend their working lives in a tight, ingrown group whose members had to look to each other for their rewards.

The frustration of black scholarship has a long and dishonorable past, and white men who are otherwise heroes in black education are among the culprits. In the early days of black higher education, Negro teachers had difficulty getting jobs even at Negro colleges because the high-minded, altruistic white missionaries who controlled those schools believed that only white men could teach properly. There was a glaring internal contradiction—if the training given the blacks was as good as the whites claimed, why couldn't the recipients of it impart the training to others?—but that was overlooked. (Woodson cut to the heart of the matter by declaring: ". . . if, after three generations the Negro colleges have not produced men qualified to ad-

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Roger M. Williams is a correspondent for the Time-Life News Service. This article is adapted from his book published last month by Atheneum, *The Bonds: An American Family*.

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The Right to Know

In an age when credibility gaps and news management have become household words, it is surprising how little attention has been paid to the information policies and practices of local school systems, especially in the larger cities. Although there is no end to the horror stories of urban education—horror stories relieved only occasionally by reports of small triumphs—the systematic reporting of basic data about local schools (school boards and administrative practices, testing, financing, personnel, and all the rest) tends to be as inadequate and misleading as the worst manifestations of news management in Washington.

For decades we have labored under misapprehensions of what schools can and cannot do. The myth of the historic success of American public education is now coming into question, and the more dramatic failures of contemporary education have become clichés of public discourse. But the continuing travesty of information management on the part of school administrations hardly has been discussed. A few instances:

- In at least one major American city, and perhaps in many, test data for reading progress by the school population systematically exclude the scores of students in the "slow" or remedial classes of the system.
- In a number of systems assaults by students on teachers or on other students are openly reported by the administration, and records are kept from year to year. No such information is reported—or recorded—on assaults by teachers on students.
- In almost no major American school system is there any accurate reporting of the use of state or federal funds allocated to the local system for the benefit of children from poor homes; every national survey has indicated that such funds have been used to balance general school budgets or to support "programs" whose prime beneficiaries are downtown administrators, contractors, and consultants. But the particulars—city by city and school by school—are rarely exposed to public view. In most systems it is impossible to get information on the vast discrepancies in expenditures between schools. In one major city the board of education conceded that the differences were so shameful that it would release figures only for what it hoped to do in the future.
- In a number of major American school systems, undetermined numbers of administrators hold two or more positions and receive the equivalent of a full-time salary for each. Since separate payrolls are maintained for separate programs and divisions, the beneficiaries of these rip-offs continue to receive their double salaries; often, for obvious reason, they are impossible to find in any of their various offices.
- In system after system anecdotal records are kept on each student. Although these records are, in practice, open to most school administrators, social workers, employers, police, and every agency of the state, they are—in practice, if not in theory—often inaccessible either to the student or to his parents.
- In system after system there exists a general belief that the students in predominantly white schools are performing satisfactorily and going on to college or to jobs. Yet the fact—generally unreported, and often concealed by administrators through the most artful devices—is that in many schools attended by poor whites, or children from white working-class families, the record of academic success, however measured, is no better than it is in schools that are largely black. In at least one system that fact was estab-

(Continued on page 73)

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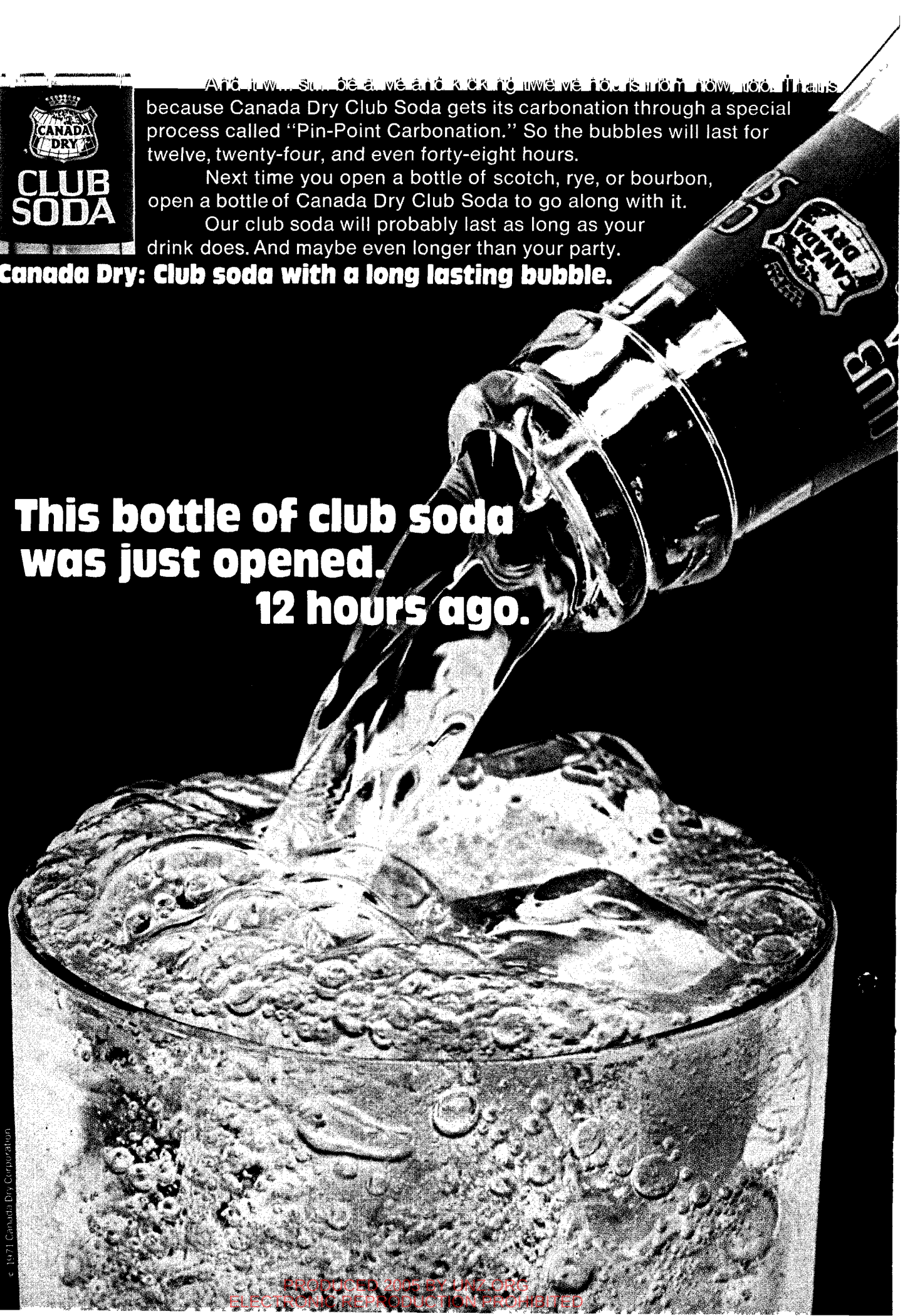

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most eighty and her mother had died only recently. "They had a party after her death—we always do when somebody dies," he said. "We don't have funerals. We keep the body in the house, invite all the drunkards, and nobody sleeps all night. Then three days after the burial we have another party." He also told us about jumbies, the spooks that haunt Caribbean graveyards.

Back on *Shango* for dinner, we regaled Gordon and Nano with the day's events and drew this surprising response from the skipper: "You two are the first passengers we've had in eight years—I swear eight years—to go out and really sink yourself into an island. Most of our people rush right back in two hours after zipping around and seeing the sights in a cab. I don't know why, really. Partly, I think they're scared, scared of the black faces. Also they don't have much genuine interest in the islands."

Most charter passengers are couples in their forties and fifties who spend $200 or more per day for a week's cruise. Sometimes Stout has a hard time convincing them to stay up on deck after dinner and enjoy the starlit peace. "Lots of guests can't stand the elements. All they want to do is come down to the salon, play bridge, and get drunk. I have a pet peeve on boats. I hate card playing. I don't keep cards on the boat."

After a day and a half at Bequia, we headed out of Admiralty Bay, past *Inger* and all the other boats we had come to know, and pointed south toward the Tobago Cays. Charter skippers plan the week's route together with their passengers; most people who sign on for a trip through the Grenadines stop at least one day in the Cays, a group of five uninhabited islands that shelter some of the best snorkeling and diving water in the world. Another bonus in the Grenadines is the fine weather and high winds that blow throughout the year and especially during the winter months. In one of those freak turnabouts that the traveler gets so used to encountering, the wind died to a bare flutter ("You hardly ever see this," said Stout), and we were forced to use the motor for most of the half-day run. We threw up a couple of sails, perhaps an unnecessary move but one that provided us reddening visitors with welcome shade. Inching closer to the Equator, we were sailing beneath an unrelenting sun.

By midafternoon *Shango* was gliding through the little islands of the Cays, surrounded by crystalline green water and the storied reefs. I was surprised to see humanity so well represented: a group of island lobstermen camped on the shore of Bateau, and several yachts anchored in the slot between Petit Rameau and Bateau. Mark and I were curious about the other yachts, but Stout advised us to grant the passengers the privacy they had come this far to seek.

Yet even in that faraway channel there obviously was a need to socialize. First, a long-haired young man rowing by in a dinghy on the way to his yacht asked if we had seen a boat called *Inger* and met a girl named Cris Miller at Bequia. He had regards for her from a dean at Harvard. Next, as Mark and I stood on the shore of Bateau and marveled at the remoteness of our landfall, four middle-aged snorkelers off a posh schooner, *Peregrina*, flapped onto the beach. One was Mort Hill, the owner of the custom-built schooner. Another—had the sun done this to me? —said she was from my hometown, St. Paul, and knew some of my relatives.

Hill invited us for cocktails on *Peregrina*, and so just after dark the four of us rowed over to see how the other half was living. On board were three couples, the Hills, the St. Paulites, and a man and wife from Aspen. While we drank in a spacious lounge on deck, a crew of three was down below boiling and garnishing a batch of lobsters that the skipper-chef, an Italian named Nedo Cassini, had bought in the afternoon from the fishermen on Bateau. Through the hatch I could see Cassini, an English girl named Maggie, and an Australian-American girl, Josephine, carefully preparing this Roman-like banquet. The St. Paul man couldn't see the operation from his seat—and just as well. "Another meal?" he groaned. "Actually we have only one meal. From seven in the morning to nine at night. But I have to admit, this Italian is an artist."

Hill, whose sixty-foot yacht carries three couples with room to spare ($3,000 per week for the boat, not including liquor), led me on a tour with the uncontained eagerness of a boy on Christmas morning. He seemed proudest of the four-way spigot in the bar, which serves four kinds of mixer. He was equally proud of the crew, referring to Cassini as a Renaissance man. Crew member Josephine, not to be lumped with either Nano Stout or Cris Miller, is an independent young wanderer of twenty-six who travels about with only a duffel bag full of belongings.

"With some people, working on boats is a pastime. With me it is a job," she said. "When I get tired of it, I'll go on to something else, but right now it's better than being in an office." Can it be a job when you work in a bikini?

(This is the second of three articles.)

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graphs. "I'm too old for pictures," she said. "Everybody want to take my picture, but nobody ever give it to me."

Other islanders, too, complained of having stood for countless photographs, of reciting their names and addresses to the picture-snapping visitors—and of never seeing the result. Otherwise you hear few objections to tourists and their tactics in the Grenadines, perhaps because tourism hasn't entrenched itself as thoroughly as it has in the northern Caribbean. Life is still slow and simple, electricity has just recently come to some of the islands, and people haven't learned the nasty business of selling themselves and the beauty at hand. Not to say you are greeted with flashing white smiles each time you step ashore; rather you can go your own way and get help when you need it.

Our reason for approaching Stella, other than journalistic curiosity, was to do the shopping for one of those customers the baker woman had rejected. Cristina Miller, a twenty-one-year-old blonde whose last permanent address was on East 72nd Street in New York City, has made a similar impression on other members of the Grenadine establishment. She is the skipper of her own boat—reason enough for islanders and the boating community to wonder. Gordon Stout will tell you that sailing is a man's sport, although women are certainly welcome aboard as crew members. Cris had sailed her remodeled Baltic ketch *Inger* from Denmark with seven young people, but when we met her she had the boat to herself and was looking for a crew to help haul horses and cars around the West Indies. Cargo business is hard to find these days, especially if you are young, white, and female.

"It's the most wild thing to come in and pick up cargo," said Cris during a day-long exploration of Bequia. "The stevedores and customs people can't believe a chick is running a big boat like mine."

Among our stops was Lower Bay, where a half-dozen teen-aged boys were slowly preparing a lunch of hind and chub fish that they had speared just off the beach that morning. The biggest boy was sitting on the bough of an almond tree, casually looking down on the proceedings. He didn't budge until someone fetched a bottle of rum, and then they all took swigs, quickly reaching for a jug of water as a chaser. Our presence didn't seem to move them. They answered a few questions, didn't resent the snapping camera, but otherwise carried on as though we weren't there. They went about boiling a pot of rice over a wood fire, squeezing limes on the raw, cut fish, which lay in one of the boats, and picking large sea grape leaves to serve as plates before placing the fish on a makeshift grill. They either were skipping school or had quit after the minimum age (fifteen, I was told). You couldn't help feeling envious on behalf of school-bound fifteen-year-olds around the world.

Late in the afternoon we retired to Cris's boat to await that serene and haunting hour when other people in other lands are pushing their way onto subways or waiting for a line of cars to move a few feet down the freeway. *Inger* has none of *Shango*'s shipshape appearance, but such is the charm of the big Baltic ketch. It is rather like a crash pad on water, and no doubt has served as just that on many nights. Cris talked of having had parties with more than one hundred friends aboard; she also talked of her enemies, the rats, which mercifully keep out of sight most of the time. We had rowed out in a dinghy with a young Bequian named Nullie, whom Cris hoped to hire for a crew. As the sun went down and dogs began to howl in the town, Nullie talked of West Indian spirits and superstitions. He said Stella was al-

Dusk in the Grenadines—"that serene and haunting hour when other people are pushing and waiting."

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

One Week Before the Mast—II: Women of the Sea

Anyone who can live without head lettuce, fresh milk, and the morning paper can adjust to life aboard a fifty-foot yacht. Those were among the deprivations four of us had to endure on a week's chartered cruise spent mostly in the Grenadines, a small string of islands at the southern end of the Windwards far down in the Caribbean. It isn't hard to get up in the morning without such comforts as the *Times* and, come to think of it, hot running water when you can walk out on deck and see the high green peaks of Bequia, Carriacou, Grenada, or some other volcanic island looming all around. In the absence of a paper or favorite radio show, you can catch a five-minute broadcast by the BBC and then an island news show dominated by a lengthy astrological report. Perhaps the best morning entertainment is an hour-long exchange of messages among various boats in the West Indies, a program the yachtsmen lovingly call "Children's Hour."

"Anybody coming up from Grenada, bring me fifty limes," a skipper's voice might say. "I'll pay off in Bee Wee [Eastern Caribbean currency] or booze." Charter captains don't seem to miss radios and newspapers as reporters of world events. Blithely aloof, they would rather not know what ails the universe. Deep in the Grenadines, with the Caribbean on one side, 3,000 miles of Atlantic on the other, and South America still a long haul away, they learn to get by without as much as a daily weather report. They sail on equal parts of experience, calculation, and luck.

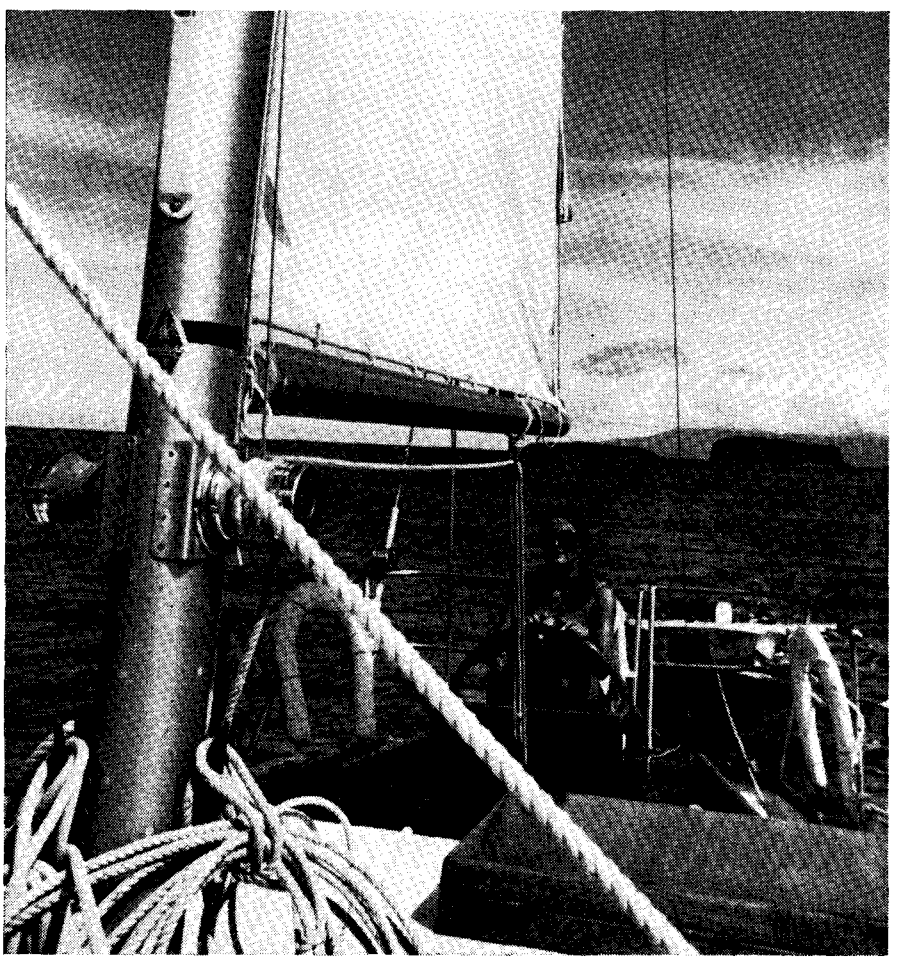
Our skipper, Gordon Stout, treated his ketch *Shango* with the affection a father might show an only child. You dared not defame her, deface her, or secure one of her lines without precision and care. Yet it was Stout's wife, Nano, who kept *Shango* going. She had left another form of servitude, as stewardess with Irish Air Lines, to join the Ohio-born Stout as wife and first mate and now was spending hours on end cooking, cleaning, preparing drinks for guests, and staying beautiful. Somehow, at frequent intervals, she managed to emerge from below with a fresh coat of lipstick and a change of bikini. When the boat was under way, she was all over the deck carrying out the captain's orders (although there would be less topside duty when Stout hired an island crewman for the upsurge in charter business between Christmas and Easter).

Perhaps the closest we came to mutiny was the night I defended Women's Lib in the face of three-way opposition by the Stouts and my photographer friend Mark Chester. Things came to a head when Stout, about to perform the nightly wine ceremony at the dining table in the main salon, asked which of us two men wanted to sample the well-labeled Burgundy. "Nano's turn," I said. She, as usual, had finished her soup in a rush so she could be up preparing to serve the next course. "No Women's Lib on this boat," said Stout, and something in his voice stopped me from pushing the issue.

The only regrets Nano registered about her life in the galley had to do with provisions. "Everybody curses head lettuce in the States," she said one evening, trying to coax some life back into the pile of leaf lettuce she had bought on St. Vincent the morning we sailed. "I would give anything for a crisp, cold head of lettuce. You simply can't find it here in the Caribbean."

"And milk!" sighed Gordon Stout, the two of them nearly swooning. "I walk into Kennedy Airport after some months in the Caribbean, and the first thing I do is go up to the counter and order a cold glass of milk." Other edibles were in great abundance on *Shango*, though I never figured out where Nano kept them all. When she ran low, there was always a nearby island bulging with bananas, papayas, mangoes, and vegetables. She stocked up on bread with a visit to Stella, the Bequia baker who works in a little hut with a corrugated iron roof near the Port Elizabeth harbor. Wearing a sash around her head and a long dress, the old woman labors through the heat of long afternoons, ostensibly to make a living, and yet she rejects certain customers who rub her the wrong way.

Standing in her doorway with hands on hips one afternoon, Stella regarded Mark and me with grim scrutiny before agreeing to sell us a loaf of white bread for 18 cents Bee Wee, or about a dime American. She went into an adjoining shed, pulled a loaf from a wooden box, brushed a bit of palm frond from the crust, and handed over the warm bread without wrapping it. She was in no mood to pose for photo-



Photos by Mark Chester

Nano at the helm—"a fresh coat of lipstick and a change of bikini."

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Poetry Quarterly

Continued from page 41

Morning and gave an involuntary shout
At those square miles of cherry blossom on
The slopes above the lake . . .

"An E-Type on the Interstate" is good. So, too, is all of "Mouth-Organ Tunes: The American Lost and Found," and it is a long and ambitious poem. "The Dump: A Dream Come True" is fine, a poem about getting rid of a dead woman's things. Her son takes the stuff to the dump, to Gehenna:

As he worked, one man
Touched his brown cap and asked, "Is it a death?"
"Yes," Jim said. "It's a death." "A death. A death,"
The men around him echoed, and a grave
Smile lit their faces at a picker's dream.
Still they stood still. Jim emptied out the last
String-tied suitcases, souvenirs of Rye Beach, bottles of elixir, Spanish combs.

Sissman is often very, very good.

Enough—ten good books of verse. I trust that other reviews will recognize any I may have missed. The ten I focused on are, however, entirely worth the reading. In fact, American poetry seems alive and well all over the place and in many ways.

WIT TWISTER #248

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

In ancient — — — —, people lived in tents

As their ancestor, Esau, once had done.

The — — — — today includes such elements

As porch and — — — —, to shield them from the sun.

—A.S.

(Answer on page 72)

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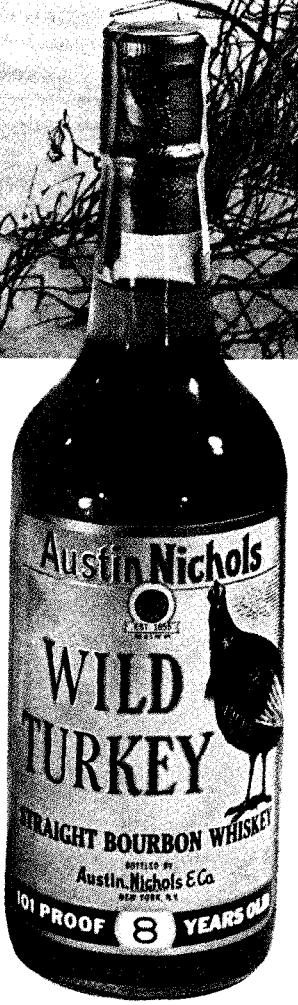

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scriptures, but also the works of modern Indian sages like Sri Aurobindo and Ramana Maharshi, and those of Westerners such as Gurdjieff. There is great respect for ideas and discipline of the mind.

And the work is action. Whoever seriously takes up a "spiritual" pursuit soon learns that "progress" is not reserved to the times that one is officially meditating, praying, or talking religion. Every act, motion, breath is involved in the quest for increasingly clearer consciousness. The time is always now.

Lizelle writes of her initial contact with Anirvân and decision to work with him, of the establishment of Haïmavati, where Hinduism and Islam would be studied and their unknown texts translated and published. She sketches Anirvân's life, as much as he revealed —his guru, his wanderings, his identification with the Bâüls, those unorthodox singing mystics of Bengal who sit laughingly on the edge of the void chatting with their Sufi brothers, to the consternation of Hindus and Muslims alike.

In addition to extracts from Anirvân's letters and his translations of various Bâül songs, the second part of the book consists of discourses by the guru on Samkhya, one of the traditional philosophical systems of India. More than a system, it is an approach, a set of terms and constructs which can aid a disciple in becoming open and clarified, in making the difficult transitions from one state of consciousness to another. The teacher's role, as Sri Anirvân sees it and lives it, is to liberate the student. For both, this means love, sacrifice, and sharing of an experience that goes beyond either of their personalities.

From Mme Reymond's skillfully written, lucid exposition of yoga and the guru-disciple relationship, we come to more typically Indian expressions on the same subject—*Yoga and the Spiritual Life* and *My Lord's Secrets Revealed,* by Sri Chinmoy Kumar Ghose. On the jackets of both he is shown dressed in glistening robes and "in a state of transcendental consciousness," with only the whites of his eyes showing. (The photograph is one that his followers study in order to attain to higher states.) In 1968-69 Sri Chinmoy, a Bengali master, taught and lectured in the U.S.; *Yoga and the Spiritual Life* appears to be a collection of various talks and conversations recorded during that time. His second book, *My Lord's Secrets Revealed,* is a collection of short, personal conversations with God, which are truly in the *bkahkti* spirit—full of devotion, humor, childlike innocence and sweetness.

The Western reader may be less attracted to the worshipful Chinmoy than to the philosophical Anirvân. The former is a *bhakta,* or devotee, one whose path to liberation lies in love of the Lord. "Man and God," he writes, "are eternally one. Like God, man is infinite; like man, God is finite. . . . As God is in heaven, even so is he on earth. . . ." Clichés? Too much like old church tracts? No doubt. But as I read Sri Chinmoy's words I found much to learn and apply—psychological insights, remarks on discipline, descrip-

(Continued on page 72)

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

STOP, THIEF!

Who in Column 1 stole what (or whom) from which character in Column 3, and which of the authors listed at the end put each character up to his crime? Judith Lynch of Fair Lawn, New Jersey, is the criminologist; should your detective work fail, seek out the solutions on page 73.

1. Pip ( )	A. contents of safe	11. "a certain royal personage"
2. the Baron ( )	B. Jeanne Allier	12. Bill Oliver
3. McTeague ( )	C. silverware	13. Mrs. Joe Gargery
4. Franklin Blake ( )	D. a letter	14. Bishop Myriel
5. George Hurstwood ( )	E. a pork pie	15. Maître Mouche
6. the Minister D— ( )	F. a fountain pen	16. Desdemona
7. Sylvestre Bonnard ( )	G. a lock of hair	17. Trina
8. Emilia ( )	H. a Hindu diamond	18. Fitzgerald & Moy
9. Biff Loman ( )	I. lottery winnings	19. Belinda
10. Jean Valjean ( )	J. a handkerchief	20. Rachel Verinder

a. Wilkie Collins; b. Dickens; c. Dreiser; d. France; e. Hugo; f. Arthur Miller; g. Frank Norris; h. Poe; i. Pope; j. Shakespeare

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TO LIVE WITHIN

by Lizelle Reymond
translated from the French
by Nancy Pearson

Doubleday, 288 pp., $6.95

YOGA AND THE SPIRITUAL LIFE: The Journey of India's Soul

by Sri Chinmoy Kumar Ghose

Tower, 172 pp., paperback, 95¢

MY LORD'S SECRETS REVEALED

by Sri Chinmoy Kumar Ghose

Herder & Herder, 107 pp., $3.95

BABA

by Arnold Schulman

Viking, 177 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Linda Hess

■ Those acquainted with Eastern philosophy, spiritual discipline and illumination will be familiar with the warning that true learning can never come from reading or theorizing, but only from experience. And the more you have experienced, the less captious you tend to be when pondering books such as those considered here. You listen for the ring of sincerity and knowledge in the author's voice, and then give yourself to the book, moving along like a starfish undersea, picking up what you can, not bothering about what isn't there or what you cannot digest.

Two powerful human presences dominate *To Live Within*—its author, Lizelle Reymond, a Swiss woman who has spent considerable time in India, and her guru, Sri Anirvân. Linked by a relationship that is intense yet unpressured, a mutual commitment based upon profound respect for each other's being and for the work to be done, pupil and teacher eventually become one in their shared experience and aspiration.

Much of Mme Reymond's description of her years in a Himalayan hermitage has the clarity and beauty of a pebble dropped into a pool. Each small chapter seems to be a distillate of untold pages of notes, memories of conversation, hours of concentration, and years of reflection. Sri Anirvân repeatedly told his pupils not to talk or write prematurely about their experiences (a precept to which the author has adhered):

> Let twelve years go by before speaking about your life here, before forming an evaluation on any subject whatsoever. What will have ripened in you, what will have taken root in your life on all levels will belong to you. . . . Remember that our understanding of life progresses at the speed of a bullock cart. . . . All the real things in life are in accord with a very slow rhythm like the changing of seasons and the coursing of stars. This work in depth is done in darkness, without sound.

What is the work?

The work is meditation. Mme Reymond writes of her arrival at Anirvân's hermitage, "where, seated before him, I found myself for the first time, 'alone in front of myself.'" Emptiness filled their life together, as silence fills this book. Of course there are words, objects, actions, and these are precise and satisfying. But one feels a formless, nameless experience welling up through the printed lines and narrated events, infusing them with vitality and wisdom.

The work is study. Both teacher and pupil have devoted much of their lives to translating sacred texts from Sanskrit, he into Bengali, she into French. The discussions at Haïmavati—a cultural center they created for a time at Almora, in the Himalayan foothills—are learned and exacting, often difficult. They draw upon not only the Vedas, Upanishads and other Hindu

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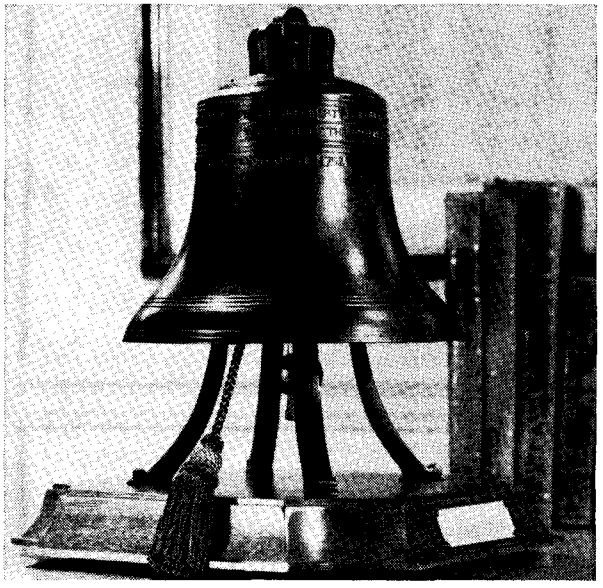

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THE PHYSIOLOGY OF TASTE:
Or Meditations on
Transcendental Gastronomy
by Jean Anthelme Brillat-Savarin

translated from the French
and annotated by
M. F. K. Fisher

Knopf, 443 pp., $10

Reviewed by Clifton Fadiman

■ In 1949, to help provide extra status support for the rich, M. F. K. Fisher's classic translation of a classic was issued in a tantalizingly expensive edition. Twenty-two years have passed. Now *The Physiology of Taste* is available at a price that the less affluent can afford. The circumstance reflects the democratization of our gastronomy over the last quarter of a century.

Brillat-Savarin, it has been said, "left the world like a satisfied diner leaving the banquet room." He also left the world richer by a curious book. It has lasted for 136 years, justifying its confident author's boast that "my precepts will live throughout the centuries." Indeed, they may well endure until the last American's palate and digestive tract have been done in by the last sickly gulp of cola drink, the last aerated supermarket pre-sliced white bread, the last bit of processed "cheese."

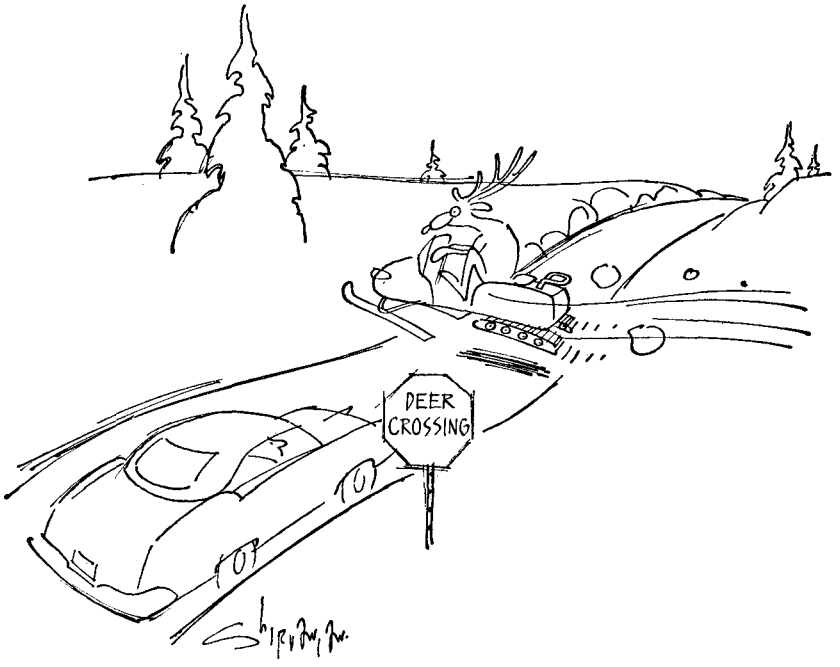
Jean Anthelme Brillat-Savarin was born in, appropriately, Belley, in 1755, and he died in 1826. Bachelor, lawyer, judge, violinist, anti-Jacobin, at one time an exile in Hartford and New York, man-about-Paris, and cousin of Madame de Récamier, he lives by virtue of a book on which he worked, or played, for three decades and which he published anonymously at his own expense shortly before his death.

In theory, eating and drinking form the one subject (let us exclude excretion) in which all human beings, from minus nine months to death, should have a common interest. Even sex, admittedly popular, is not so universalized and extensive an experience. Many babies, their Freud still in the future, are bored by polymorphous perversity; decrepit ancients are what Shakespeare must have meant by "sans everything"; and there has always existed a sizable unorganized minority, still awaiting its Germaine Greer, which is simply never bothered by the prickings of the flesh. The primacy of ingestion, as against coition, is what Brillat-Savarin, though no detractor of love-making, had in mind when he wrote of the table that it is "the only place where a man is never bored for the first hour," and of taste that it is "still that one of our senses which gives the greatest joy."

Despite the preeminent role they play in our lives, however, eating and drinking, while serving as the theme of many books, have stimulated few masterpieces. Perhaps the collected works of Brillat-Savarin's translator, M. F. K. Fisher, form a kind of dispersed masterpiece; and there is much delightful gastronomic prose in the works of such writers as Elizabeth David, Jane Grigson, and Waverly Root. But *The Physiology of Taste* remains unsurpassed. Mrs. Fisher (in one of her many "glosses" that add a truffle flavor to the author's own plain prose) goes to the heart of the matter: the book is "a well-balanced expression of one thinking man's attitude toward life." That is it: the jurist Brillat-Savarin uses gastronomy as another professional, Thomas Browne, used medicine, as a key to unlock the cabinet of the whole man. His twenty "Aphorisms," his thirty "Meditations," and his twenty-seven "Varieties" find their locus in the palate. Brillat-Savarin, however, is a Doctor of Digression, a Montaigne with less mind. Theory of Frying, yes; The Erotic Properties of Truffles, yes; Official Way of Making Chocolate, yes. But he also chats with us on The Origin of Sciences, Influence of Gastronomy on Business, Financial Influence of the Turkey. Suddenly we meet a Meditation on, of all things, The End of the World; and there are reflections on the ladies, rest, sleep, dreams, obesity, exhaustion, and death—not to mention a *fatras* of autobiographical anecdotes, many only tenuously related to gastronomy. And all this is dressed in a style that replicates his mildly eccentric, generally mellow, comically pedantic, tolerant personality.

He is not really a good writer—with her lovely, informative glosses his translator quietly writes rings about him—but he is a *true* writer. He gives us himself, as do other perennially attractive miscellanists such as brief Aubrey and melancholy Burton. One can at once conceive in the mind's eye what manner of noncostive man it was who holds that "men of letters more often than not owe the style in which they have chosen to write to the state of their bowels"; whose most famous aphorism (Number IX) is "The discovery of a new dish does more for human happiness than the discovery of a star"; and who lays down the four conditions for civilized eating: ". . . food at least passable, good wine, agreeable companions, and enough time."

And so it does not matter that his classical learning is vulnerable; that his physiology is about on a par with that of Molière's doctors; that he was no great connoisseur (a connoisseur would hardly enjoy a "sumptuous meal in a room decorated with flowers," "drenched with perfumes" and "filled with strains of soft music"); and that his humor, sometimes kindly, sometimes sardonic, has an early-Victorian orotundity. He is precious to us because he has left us a book mirroring that rarity: a man who enjoyed his life. In an era which has achieved a technological triumph in its power to can botulism, we owe Brillat-Savarin and his witty, beautifully mannered translator a special debt of gratitude.



Clifton Fadiman, a member of the Board of Editors of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, has written on food and wine. He is working on a critical world history of children's literature.

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You're what the autumn knew would
happen
after the last collapse
of primary color
once the last absolutes were torn to
pieces
you could begin
(from "November 1968")

Falling in love on words
and ending in silence
with its double-meanings

Always falling and ending
because this world gives no room
to be what we dreamt of being
(from "Pieces: 3. Memory")

Adrienne Rich writes the complete poetry of protest. She is involved in the will to change our politic and our national temper. She is against the war, against the slums, against the quaint liberalisms, and she also knows that the individual must maintain the will to change, the will to gain soul and grace. Grace. The poems of Adrienne Rich go for grace and often show it.

And finally there is *Pursuit of Honor*, by L. E. Sissman (Atlantic–Little, Brown, $4.95; paperback, $2.25). Mr. Sissman has published three volumes of verse during the last three years—the highly acclaimed *Dying: An Introduction, Scattered Returns,* and *Pursuit.* Mr. Sissman's talent is tremendous and his erudition unquestioned, but rather too often I find his wit and rhythm in *Pursuit* less than fine. He alludes to everyone past and recent. Stephen Spender is the force in "Inflation." John Crowe Ransom is in "In Baltimore—Why Baltimore?—Did Kahn":

Stuprate, he rent his fabric with each
kiss.
His pieces kissed again. No end to this.

Philip Larkin gives the situation for Sissman's "An Arundel Footnote"—but it is a somewhat unworthy tag to Larkin's fine Arundel poem.

And Sissman is private. The reader knows he is listening to inside jokes concealed in tropes. John Berryman gets away with this sort of thing better than anyone around, in the *Dream Songs* (*not* in the *Sonnets*)—but Berryman has a secure voice and rhythm that Sissman lacks.

All that, and yet there are poems in *Pursuit of Honor* that make the book a sort of sporty wonder.

"The Big Rock-Candy Mountain," the first poem in the collection, works beautifully, and it's a long ambitious semi-narrative.

Here's a section from part II:

Uninterest in progress was their crime,
Short-circuited ambition. They came
out
On a Traverse County hilltop one late-
May

(Continued on page 47)

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she must dwell in the house of the
tomato.

(8)

Astonishment of apples. Every fall.
But only Italians are into grapes,
calling them eggs.

(from 17)

Whatever, welcome Erica Jong, and welcome the sensuality she has so carefully worked over in this wonderful book. And if I suggest the fare is merely light, it isn't. She doesn't groan in her labors. But clearly she has worked hard to gain this splendid and various and serious comic vision.

Stanley Kunitz has always been a fine and quiet singer. There's the following, for instance, from "The Thing That Eats the Heart" *(Selected Poems 1928-1958)*:

We were not unprepared: with lamp
and book
We sought the wisdom of another age
Until we heard the action of the bolt.
A little wind investigates the page.

And he can twist the sinews of a line (or a rhyme) with the best of them—as in the sestet of "So Intricately Is This World Resolved," also from *Selected Poems*:

Lover, it is good to lie in the sweet
grass
With a dove-soft nimble girl. But O
lover,
Lift no destroying hand; let fortune
pass
Unchallenged, beauty sleep; dare not
to cover
Her mouth with kisses by the garden
wall,
Lest, cracking in bright air, a planet
fall.

The control of meter, the making of perfectly expressive rhythm out of meter, is one of his great gifts. His free lines, too, are supple and always a function of the action and the voice of the poem. Kunitz is a master of his craft, and his new book, *The Testing-Tree* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $4.95; paperback, $2.95), should amplify this well-deserved reputation for excellence. His eye on marriage and children and the natural world is wide *and* keen; unfooled, he goes on singing the pleasure of surviving in the world:

An Old Cracked Tune

My name is Solomon Levi,
the desert is my home,
my mother's breast was thorny,
and father I had none.

The sands whispered, *Be separate,*
the stones taught me, *Be hard.*
I dance, for the joy of surviving,
on the edge of the road.

Dear reader, that's a perfect poem, and *Testing-Tree* has a dozen such accomplishments: "Around Pastor Bonhoeffer," "Robin Redbreast," "After the Last Dynasty," to name three more—and the translations of Yevtushenko, Mandelstam, and Akhmatova are pleasures as well.

Galway Kinnell's *The Book of Nightmares* (Houghton Mifflin, $4.50; paperback, $2.95) strikes me as his best book since his first, *What a Kingdom It Was.* Truth be told, I've never been excited about the poetry of Galway Kinnell. *Body Rags* and *Flower Herding on Mount Monadnock* seemed superpoetic to me. Robert Bly with very few *deep* images. Kinnell has often seemed to be a kind of Ferdinand the Bull with tears in his eyes—which really isn't all that bad. Now, though, we have *The Book of Nightmares*—in most ways a wonder.

It has its flaws. In "Lastness," the final poem in this collection, there is much of the old Kinnell cuteness. And "The Path Among the Stones" is third-rate Roethke (in fact, where *Nightmares* is off it is because of the Roethke influence.) But "Under the Maud Moon," "The Hen Flower," "The Shoes of Wandering," and "In the Hotel of Lost Light" are strange and awful poems that everyone who cares about the psychic realities of our time should read.

On the path,
by this wet site
of old fires—
black ashes, black stones, where
tramps
must have squatted down,
gnawing on stream water,
unhouseling themselves on cursed
bread,
failing to get warm at a twigfire—

I stop . . .

(from "Under the Maud Moon")

I have glimpsed
by corpse-light, in the opened cadaver
of hen, the mass of tiny,
unborn eggs, each getting
tinier and yellower as it reaches back
toward
the icy pulp
of what is, I have felt the zero
freeze itself around the finger dipped
slowly in.

(from "The Hen Flower")

Squatting at the rack
in the Store of the Salvation
Army, putting on, one after one,
these shoes strangers have died from,
I discover
the eldershoes of my feet . . .

(from "The Shoes of Wandering")

Sometimes while reading this book I feel that Kinnell could write an epic. I feel that if he'd quit sorrowing so self-consciously he could write *Paradise Lost.* He has a good ear and the imagination for correspondences on the edge of reason. He is capable of writing myth—and *The Book of Nightmares* at its best reminds me of Goya's "Black Paintings," or the *Caprichos*, the prints Goya did after a crippling illness. In fact (and, friends, I do not fully understand all the poems in *Nightmares*)—in fact, at his best, Kinnell is the best reading I've found this quarter. There are moments in *Nightmares* that will make your eyes dazzle.

More ghazals! "The Blue Ghazals" of Adrienne Rich in *The Will to Change* (Norton, $6; paperback, $1.95), a small diary of lovely ghazals: "9/21/68," "9/23/68," "9/28/68: i," "9/28/68: ii," and so on. "9/28/68: ii (*For Wallace Stevens*)" is my favorite:

Ideas of order . . . Sinner of the Florida
keys,
You were our poet of revolution all
along.

A man isn't what he seems but what
he desires:
gaieties of anarchy drumming at the
base of the skull.

Would this have left you cold, our
scene, its wild parades,
the costumes, banners, incense,
flowers, the immense marches?

Disorder is natural, these leaves absently blowing
in the drinking-fountain, filling the
statue's crevice.

The use of force in public architecture:
nothing, not even the honeycomb,
manifests such control.

Now *that's* complexity of moral, sensual, and political vision—Adrienne Rich has given us this balanced tension in all her books—and *The Will to Change* is her best evocation of the fully matured and imaginative woman alive to the wonder and terror of her mind and flesh in a bad age:

Stripped
you're beginning to float free
up through the smoke of brushfires
and incinerators
the unleafed branches won't hold you
nor the radar aerials

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are about all the dreams of middle age returning to Eden. About the desire of youth to finally flee the garden. About pain, too, but also about the necessary distance of art, which is dealt with now and then in an odd, good poem:

He traps small game,
listening to the wind, fearful
of skull island.
Monks in the middle ages
lived in a stone house here
whole lives.

(from "The Stones")

And at the end of the story we wish both lovers whole lives.

The packaging of *Fruits and Vegetables*, by Erica Jong (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $5.95; paperback, $2.95), is probably delightful. The book is some sort of pink and the jacket is pink (pinker than any fruit or vegetable color I can think of) and dimly pictured are the lower parts of breasts at the top and a navel toward the bottom. It's very tastefully done, for one does not immediately notice the anatomical details.

On the back of the dust jacket is a picture of Erica Jong, and Erica Jong is beautiful. Her blonde hair streams around her head and down her shoulders. She is lovely, with the most interesting mouth this reviewer has seen in years, in a photograph.

Now, the packaging is probably delightful, but at first it put me off by almost putting me on. Can there truly be good poems of fruits and vegetables behind that lovely belly button? Yes! Here is a first book by an exquisitely talented poet. She imitates the current and choice—Nicanor Parra, Pablo Neruda and, I suspect, Miroslav Holub—but she can pull almost anything out of her bag.

A Reading

The old poet
with his face full of lines,
with iambs jumping in his hair like
fleas,
with all the revisions of his body
unsaying him,
walks to the podium.

He is about to tell us
how he came to this.

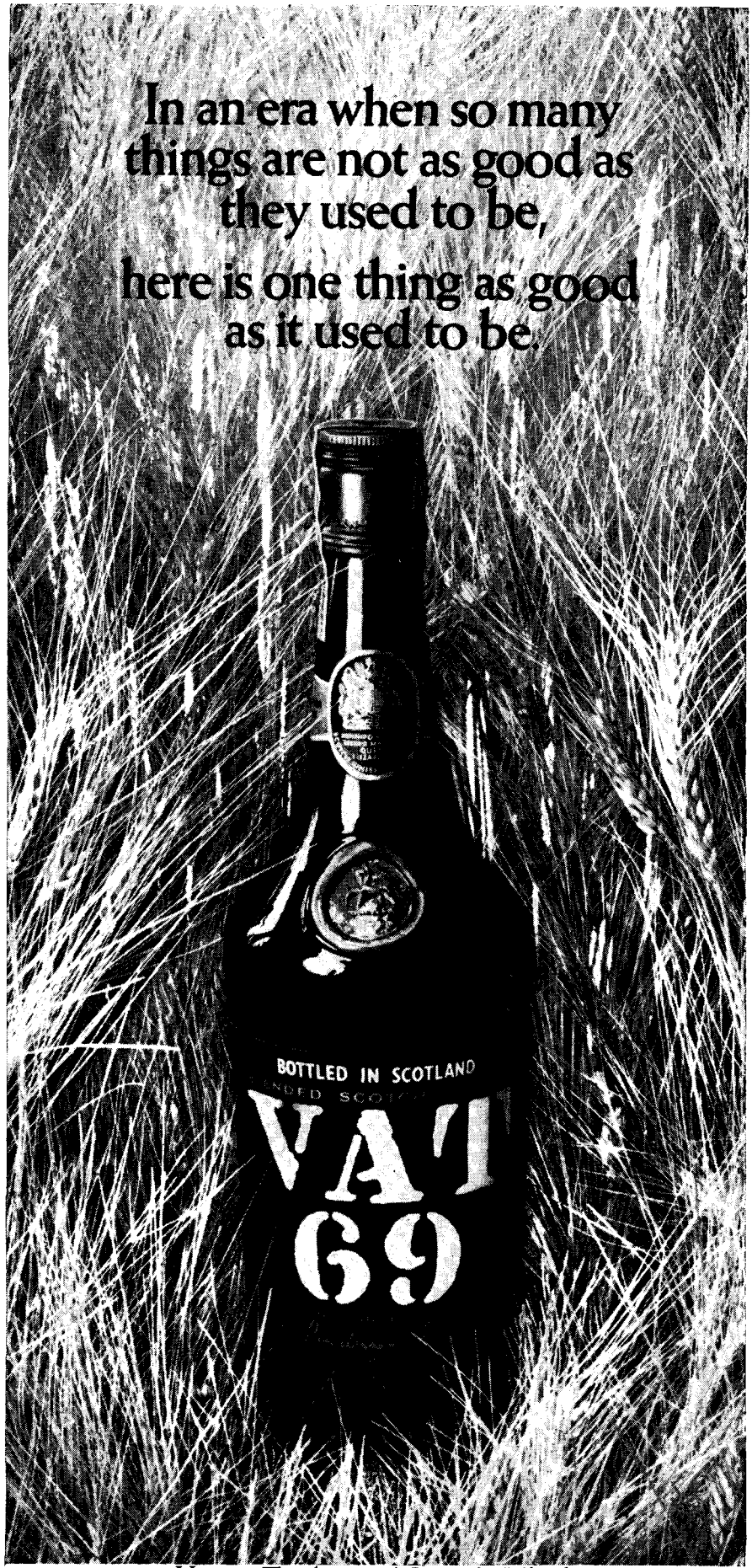
The above is a perfect little old-fashioned poem, though that's not the most of Erica Jong.

Ha! A small salad from the title poem, "Fruits and Vegetables":

I am thinking of the onion again, with its two O mouths, like the gaping holes in nobody. Of the outer skin, pinkish brown, peeled to reveal a greenish sphere, bald as a dead planet, glib as glass, & an odor almost animal.

(from 5)

If a woman wants to be a poet,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Lovecraft who wrote of Nug and Dagon . . .
. . . and all these things
Come together, turn together, and will pass on
To come again. The Nile flows sluggish
And is thick with mud. It bears the news.

Sidney Goldfarb: *Messages* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $6.95; paperback, $2.95). Well, here we have Sidney Goldfarb on the cover of *Messages*, and the poet is shown standing against a brick wall. He has a full beard and almost an actual twinkle in his mouth. Sidney is a very funny and a very serious young poet. Where other young urban (NYC) poets fall away into apocalyptic cant and rant, or surreal trivia, Goldfarb keeps talking and arguing and joking his way toward faith in the imagination and a faith in the language. Sidney Goldfarb, who sees politics and sex as more than curious human debris, is not satisfied with a detrital urban poetic jargon. As he writes in "Solo Ended by Lester Young":

You can't eat
words, but you can kill with them. This is
the irony of nothing and an old
story told by a man who forgot his
language and was never there in the first place.
Welcome to the Sidney Goldfarb Roadshow.
First question this evening, why do all
the young white folks have such weak faces?

"Solo Ended by Lester Young," "And Other More Isolate Places," "Crash Program," "Set Piece"—Goldfarb's long-line poems are particularly strong. Goldfarb's subject in *Messages* is Time, how to spend it on the line of a poem, how to make the straight line of a poem include the topology of a complex vision. Time and esthetics; he says it again and again: Art is worth doing, art is worth doing. He says that clarity in understanding his own sensuality is the only way to the sensuality of others. And these poems are by a man who wants to reach the others at some point that isn't Sartre's hell.

You can't have everything,
but you can think of reasonable sequences: a world worth
participating in, a girl with black hair coming at 8:00, 8:15
and 8:35, an endless procession of friends in all of their
particularity, and light enough to see *Absalom, Absalom,*
and time, all of the time in all of the world.

(from "And Other More Isolate Places")

Gibbons Ruark has at least ten masterful poems in his first volume, *A Program for Survival* (University Press of Virginia, $3.75)—and most of the rest of the forty-three are of high quality. Ruark is quiet, reflective; in fact nostalgia is his vision, particularly in memories of his dead father. (The many poems that recollect his father put me in mind of Agee in *A Death in the Family*. Others make me think of Peter Taylor and Barry Spacks and Robert Pack and Miller Williams.) And I do not think of nostalgia as a second-rate emotion. Like romantic love, nostalgia is a way to personal continuity, a stay against chaos. Ruark accepts and loves the family that raised him, and he accepts and loves the family he is raising in turn. Affirming family and friends, he makes marvelous poetry in the process. Here are his mother and father in a poem called "Polio":

From the wobbly
Room I stumble to my mother's door,
A shifting blur in the wall before me.
Her limbs are weak and rumpled on the sheet.
The empty braces glint. Their brightness hurts.
Pale pillow, damp hair, my father's shadow
Straining over her, sweat at his armpits,
Straightening, bending, straightening her leg.

Ruark's rhythms are almost always right. Meters, rhymes, syllable counts sustain create, a pavane: great prosody. In "In Elegy, a Letter Home," he remembers playing chess with his father:

He smiled beyond your hearing at himself
And looked the next move over in the air.
He held the day down with his quietness
As we played there . . .

For his pregnant wife ("For My Wife in Her Great Good Time"):

She has been
Beautiful before, my wife, but
Not like this. She's got that bloom on
Now, standing proud and blown, fat poet
With a good word in her belly.

The above is lovely praise for the goodwife and its rhythm is extraordinary; the enjambments expressive (even humorous). Ruark bends his line on a subtle forge. Read him.

The Yellow Room: Love Poems, by —Godhelpus—Donald Hall (Harper & Row, $4.95; paperback, $2.45). Read this excerpt from "My old books":

My old books
snarl at me, "Get *out!*"
I throw them back
into the sea
where they turn into leathery dogfish nosing
the fuselage of an airliner
crashed
nearly forty years.

And this from "Red, Orange, Yellow":

For five years of my life, or ten,
I lived no-color.
In a beige room I talked
clipped whispers
with a lady who faded while I looked at her.
Even our voices were oyster-white.
My generous monsters
were pale as puff-balls of dust.
Leaves on trees I grew
turned dingy. I mowed pale grass.
Friends parked station-wagons like huge dead mice
by my house that was nearly invisible.

To which I'd say: a huge dead mouse depends on the eye of the station-wagon beholder.

Faced with the ghazals by Harrison and Adrienne Rich (coming up: ghazal sequences, rather than sonnet sequences), one should not be surprised to find this curious sequence by Donald Hall—but one is. *The Yellow Room* is stoned poetry for the over-forty. The blurb speaks of it as a "novel with all the words left out." It is a sequence of titled and untitled short poems that more or less chronicle the love affair of an "older man" and "a young girl." When I first read *Yellow Room* I hated it—when I read it a second time I was embarrassed for the poet. I kept thinking of the other Hall poems—the poems from *The Alligator Bride, Tiger Lilies, Exiles*, the pleasures of "My Son, My Executioner," "Jack and the Other Jack," "No Deposit No Return"—good, strong poems, not this strange yellow stuff. But after a time I accepted *The Yellow Room* as fiction and so could live in it and admire it, and tolerate the pain of the *characters* Hall has created.

You hate animals
that kill birds.
I see you under low leaves,
eyes fixed.
Claws extend in shadow.

The above is all of a poem called "You hate animals." It may form a necessary part of the larger fictional construct; but still it seems pretty silly. Then there's "One day we made onion soup," quoted in its entirety:

One day we made onion soup.
For three months
I left it in the refrigerator.
Today we threw away the pot
without looking inside.
We understood
at the same instant: there was
a dead baby in the soup.

But, but . . . the images of this fellow loving this girl are really painful—they

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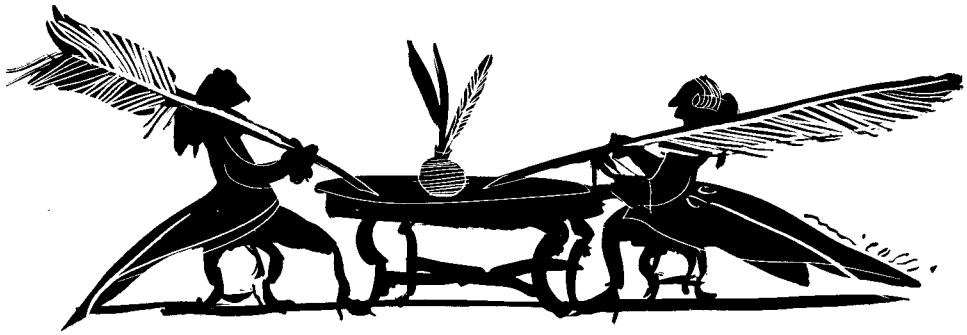

Leaping Ghazals and Inside Jokes Concealed in Tropes

by JAMES WHITEHEAD

Of the ten recent volumes of poetry that have given me the most delight as *books* of poetry, Jim Harrison's *Outlyer and Ghazals* (Simon & Schuster, $5.95; paperback, $2.45) may not be the best but I came back to it again and again. The idea of ghazals by a poet who reminds me of Richard Hugo, Robert Huff (the most underrated poet in America) and Theodore Roethke is passing strange. Ghazals, indeed! Arabic-Turkish-Persian-Michigan ghazals. I thought ghazals were made of rhymed couplets, five *or* twelve couplet stanzas on a theme. Harrison's ghazals don't rhyme and they vary in length—and, whatever they are, they are marvelous: the leaping ghazals of a furious imagination and intellect working out of northern Michigan, LXV ghazals plus eight other fine poems including "Outlyer":

He Halts. He Haw. Plummets.
The snake in the river is belly up
diamond head caught in crotch of branch,
length wavering yellow with force of water.
Who strangles as this taste of present?
numen of walking and sleep, knees of snow
as the shark's backbone is gristle.
And if my sister hadn't died in an auto wreck
and had been taken by the injuns
I would have something to do:
go into the mountains and get her back . . .

"Outlyer" and the six other poems at the front of the book (and before the ghazals) are akin to the poems in Harrison's first two books, *Plain Song* and *Locations*. The solitary man in nature (though sometimes in the city, where most often he is unhappy) —the solitary man *per se* (though often environed by women and children, and lovers)—, Li Po a little high on Wild Turkey or neat Jack: imagination as salvation, but without the self-pity and/or super-beasthoodness that characterizes much of the new Neo-Romantic poetry. Harrison takes a terrible pleasure in himself as a moral creature. Man and beast in the rounds of their dying—Harrison can tolerate it. He can celebrate it. Harrison at his best is right there with James Dickey and Hugo and Huff and Roethke.

From the "Ghazals":

My father is dead and doesn't care if his vault leaks,
that his casket is cheap, his son a poet and a liar.
(from II)

This won't do; farmlife with chickens clucking in the barnyard,
lambs, cows, vicious horses kicking when I bite their necks.
(from XXVII)

I'm going to Stonehenge to recant, or from the manure pile
behind this shed I'm going to admit to a cow I've lied.
(from VI)

R.H.W. Dillard's second book, *News of the Nile* (University of North Carolina Press, $3.75), is wonderfully zany and wise. He takes on ideas that come from anybody from St. Augustine on up (or down) to Bram Stoker. And he has the intelligence to make the terror light and the morality a graceful act, and strange. Dillard is not surreal and he's far from camp—but what is this, besides a pleasure:

After the Election, A Dry Season

Toad sweat and wart water,
Old blister, the pond
Shrunk to its thick center,
Its broken bank, snake holes,
The jerked frogs and hard scum.
The autumn ducks fly by
Sun bound and water true;
The white fowl are dead
In ragged weed and dry dirt.
This water holds no sky.

The poem above suggests the regionalism in some of Dillard's work, a regional idiom carefully controlled and carried by a music carefully tuned—but ultimately he's closer to Wallace Stevens than he is to Robert Frost or Robert Penn Warren. (Warren's *Audubon: A Vision* is the finest long poem I've read in years, the one that faces nature with the cold eye of love and the dread of a civilized man.)

Dillard often makes the perfect decoration for an otherwise dull reality—he often shows how lovely an ornament is the real, the plain—and often, as in "Downtown Roanoke," he is just funny as hell:

The furniture store across the street
From the main fire house has burned
Nearly to the ground three times.
The smoke hung low and red, the red
Stop lights blinked, but no sirens
Were required in downtown Roanoke.

And the title poem is a marvelous imaginative workout, a language play to delight the most fastidious eye and ear:

The Nile flows north. A train runs north
From Roanoke to Chicago. The snow
Is like cold satin. There is a gibbous moon.
North to Chicago, towards Minnesota
Where the Mississippi oozes from a frozen bank
And wanders south, to Wisconsin
Where August Derleth prints the books
Of Lovecraft, dreamer of *The Book of Thoth*,
The Necronomicon, lost work of Abdul Alhazred,

JAMES WHITEHEAD is the author of *Domains*, a book of poems, and *Joiner*, a recently published novel, his first.

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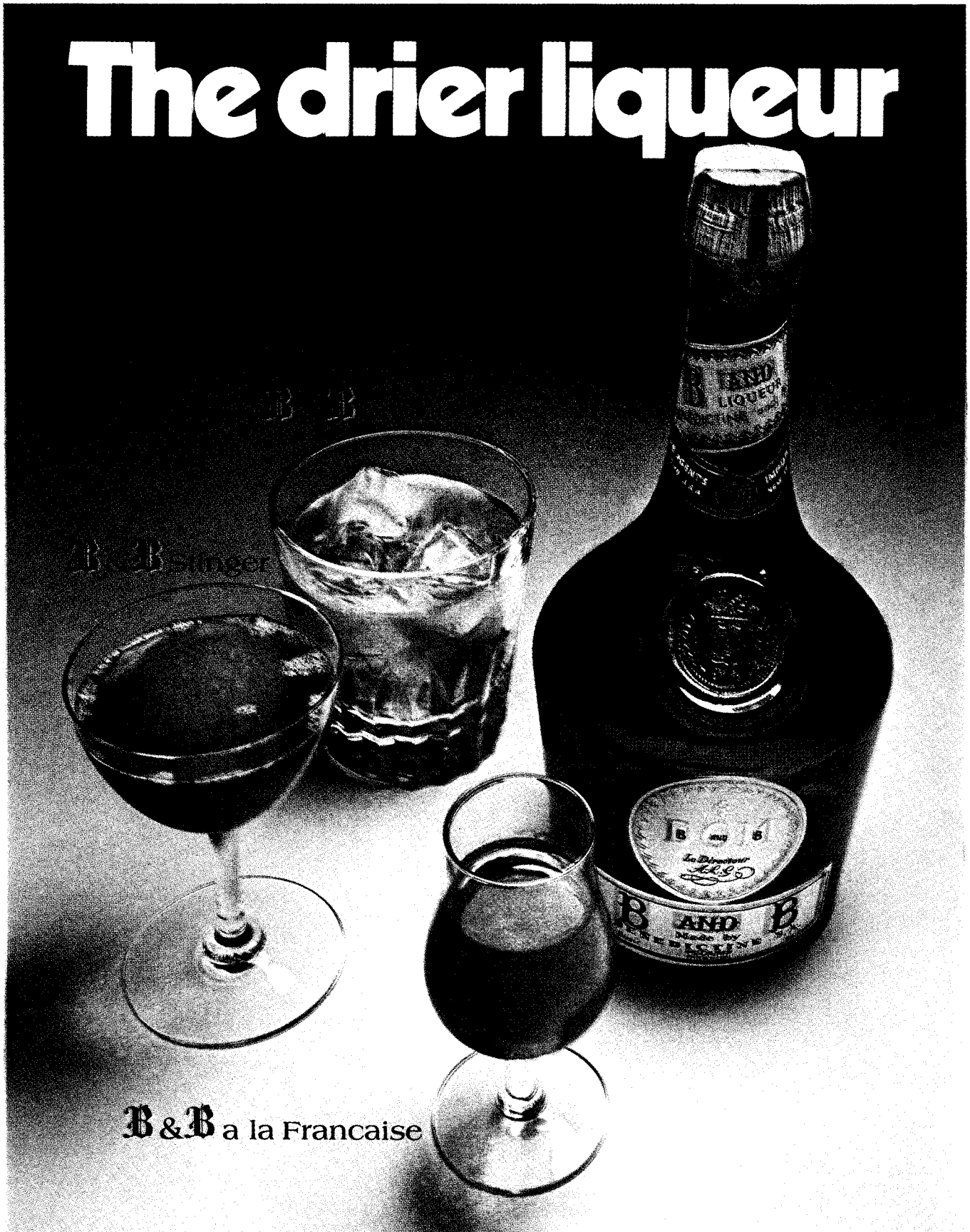

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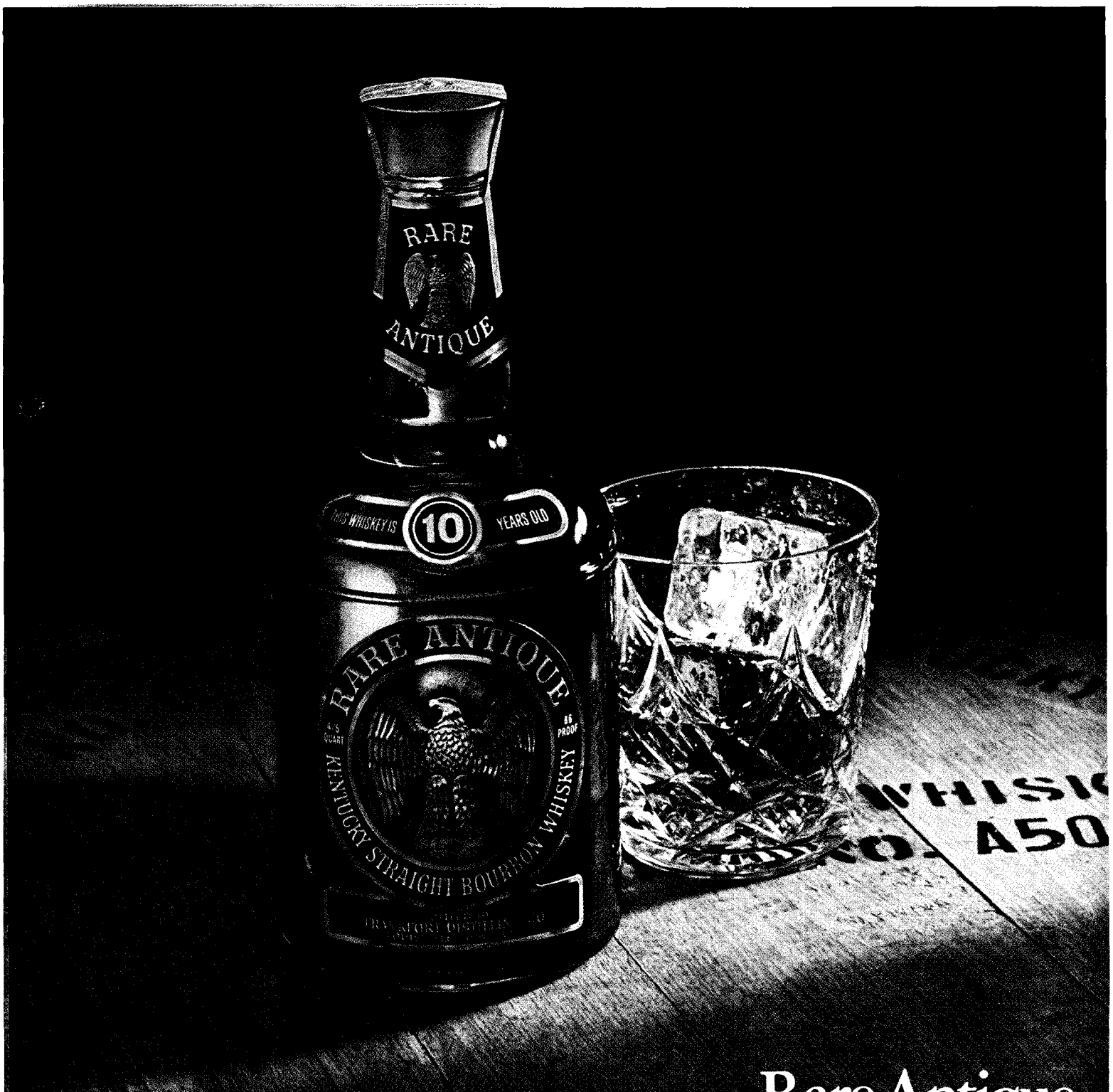

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